

LITHUANIAN QUARTERLY

religion under soviet rule • the
letters and sounds of lithuanian
• ancient wedding customs • your
hands are clean — a short story
• new face in art — al. vesčiūnas

1960 • VOLUME VI • NO. 1

lituanus



ALBERTAS VESCIONAS

LANDSCAPE (Oil, 1958)

l i t u a n u s

lithuanian quarterly

vol. VI, no. 1, march 1960

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Published in March, June, September
and December by the Lithuanian
Student Association, Inc.

Editorial and Subscription Office
916 WILLOUGHBY AVE.
BROOKLYN 21, N. Y.

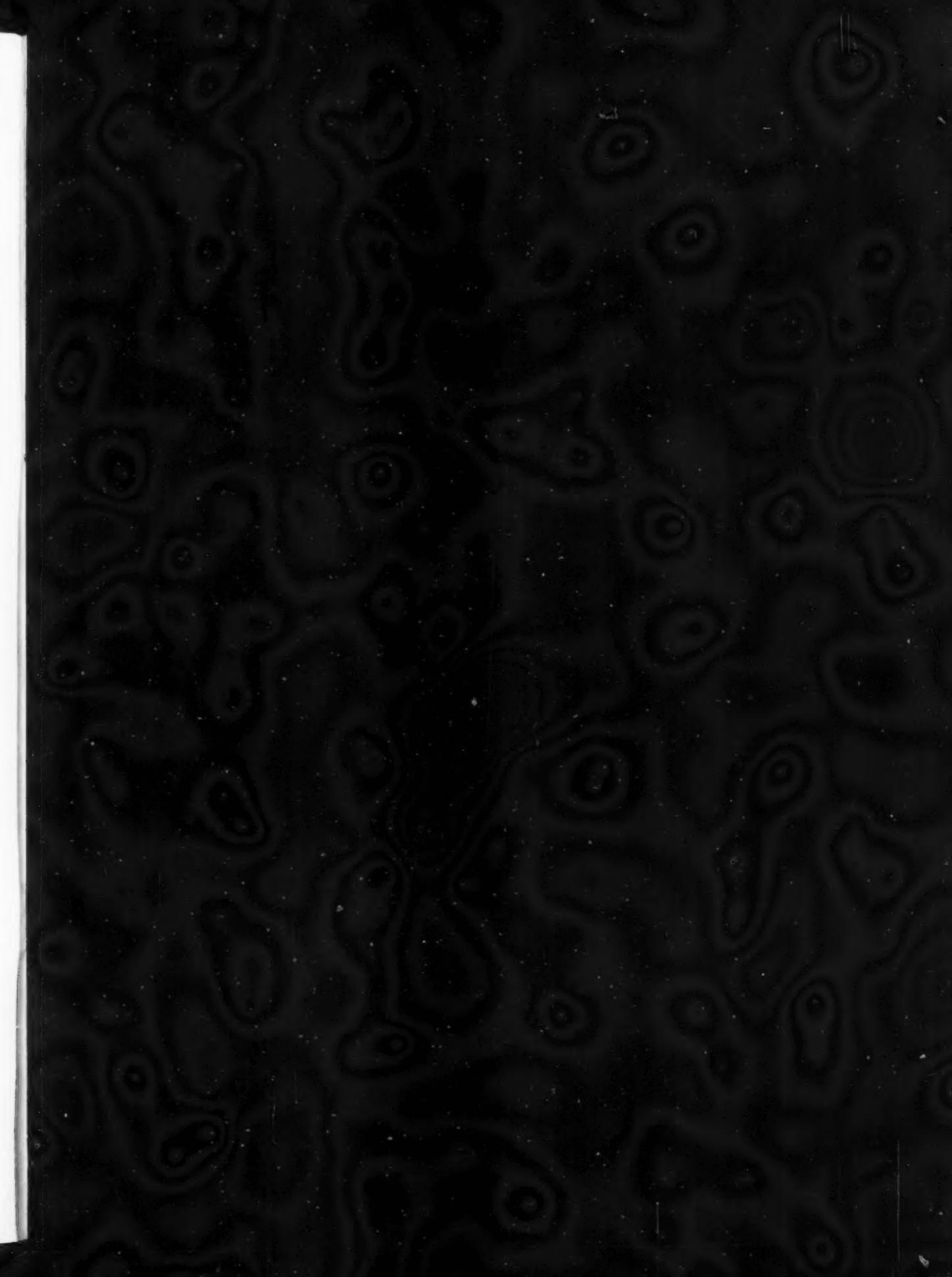
Subscription price \$2.00 per year.
Single copy 50 cents.

Printed by Franciscan Fathers at
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Second class postage paid at Brooklyn
Post Office.

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IF THE BALTIC STATES WERE IN AFRICA...

Uhuru, freedom, 'dependence! Whatever the language, the cry sweeping Africa today means one thing only—death to colonialism. One after another the European powers are pulling out and new flags are raised over new governments.

Immediately these flags join the proud crescent before the glass heights of the United Nations building. Inside, an African delivers an impassioned speech on the right of all peoples to rule themselves and the delegate of the colonial Soviet empire eagerly adds his agreement.

Just across the street, however, eleven banners fly at half-mast between two weather-beaten brick buildings. Every delegate must see them as he passes, but who speaks for the nations under Communist colonialism?

Occasionally the West remembers. But it is clear to everyone that remembering is as much as can be expected from that quarter at the moment. To hope for anything more would be, of course, "impractical". And the newly independent states, who might be expected to be sympathetic, are too much in need of friends and aid in their attempts to catch up with the 20th century to say anything that would antagonize one of the Great Powers. Besides, Eastern Europe is far away.

"You may say Russia is a colonial nation", an official from one of the young nations said recently, "but they are not the ones who colonized us."

On the northern edge of Africa a bloody war has been raging for over five years between the Algerian rebels and France. Whatever its final outcome, everyone but a few die-hard settlers now agrees that eventually the Algerian people will have to be allowed to choose their form of government. This war could not have gone on for this long, however, without the aid of Morocco, Tunisia, and the United Arab Republic, and without the support of sizable segments of world opinion.

But on the edge of the Baltic there is silence. The heroic resistance which continued in Lithuania until 1950-51 without any support from the West has been quelled. The Soviet army is finally in control and the new Baltic colonies are being exploited in the best traditions of imperialism. In place of deported Lithuanians, Latvians and Estonians come settlers from the far reaches of the Soviet empire. The countries are made economically dependant on the colonizer and their cultural achievements are used to enhance the prestige of Russia.

Until recently Western travellers were barred from this area. Some theorize that this was because the Soviet regime did not feel secure enough there, others that it was because of the military installations on the edge of the sea. Only recently were tourists permitted to enter, under close supervision, the capitals of the three nations—though still only the capitals.

Western correspondents who stopped there reported the strong national consciousness of the Baltic peoples and their steadfast refusal to accept the permanence of Soviet rule. But while Western colonialism is gradually dying, the Communist variety holds fast.

If the Baltic States were in Africa, East and West would now woo them with economic aid and friendly words. But they are not blessed with such happy geographical circumstances and no one will extend a helping hand.

A Franciscan priest gives a careful and detailed account of Soviet attempts to suppress religion in Lithuania during the First Soviet Occupation (1940-1941)

RELIGION UNDER SOVIET RULE

By T. PAUKSTELIS

1. Introduction

During her 22 years of independence, Lithuania achieved significant progress in the economic and cultural spheres, and also in the religious sphere. Since the country is 85% Roman Catholic, any discussion of religion in Lithuania involves primarily Catholicism.

The Lithuanian Ecclesiastical Province was founded in 1926. It consisted of the Archdiocese of Kaunas and the dioceses of Panevėžys, Telšiai, Vilkaviškis and Kaišiadorių. The Lithuanian government signed a concordat with the Holy See in 1927. There were three seminaries for the preparation of priests — in Kaunas, Telšiai and Vilkaviškis. Monastic orders — Franciscan, Dominican, Marian and Jesuit — that had been banned during the long years of the czarist occupation were re-established. New congregations of nuns were also founded, among them the Sisters of St. Casimir, the Sisters of the Poor and the Franciscan Sisters.

Many congregations established and maintained orphanages, grammar schools and high schools. A number of them had their own presses and published many newspapers and books. A special Faculty of Theology and Philosophy was set up at the University of Vytautas the Great in Kaunas, and efforts were made to establish a Catholic university. The Catholic Academy of Science, which fostered knowledge in the light of Christian truth, had been founded as early as 1922. Catholic intellectuals published several scholarly journals.

Furthermore, Catholic Action was well organized. This included the intelligentsia, university students, high school students, men, women, young people and children in separate and joint movements. Much attention was paid to nullifying Communist influence among the working class. All the Catholic societies published their own newspapers, convened congresses, held study weeks and celebrated the various feasts.

The Catholic life, like the whole cultural life of the country, was shaken to its foundations by the Soviet occupation on June 15, 1940. Upon the entrance of their army, the Soviets proceeded to establish their own order. On June 17 the consti-

tutional government of Lithuania was dismissed and all political parties, except the Communist Party were abolished. Government officials and other prominent persons were arrested.¹

Steps were immediately taken to force the incorporation of the country into the Soviet Union. For this purpose the occupiers needed a puppet government to plead for incorporation in the name of the entire nation. On July 6 a decree was published announcing that elections to a "People's Congress" would be held on July 14. According to the Stalin (i.e., Soviet) Constitution, only Communist Party could propose candidates; in Lithuania the Party had just 640 members, many of them of non-Lithuanian ancestry. The 640 Party members proceeded to elect 79 deputies. In spite of intense propaganda and many threats, no more than 16% to 18% of the population voted. It is not surprising, then, that as the correspondent William White reported, Red Army soldiers voted in the election to increase the number of ballots.² Nevertheless, TASS announced in London that the elections were democratic, with 95.5% of the population voting. Yet even the "People's Congress" did not prove sufficiently obedient, and only repeated threats forced it, on July 21, 1940 to request incorporation.

2. The Removal of Obstacles to Sovietization

The Communist Party quickly realized that the country was not particularly enchanted with Party doctrine and that the people were resisting Sovietization with every means at hand. The Soviets were determined to change this situation. A Russian lecturer in Marxism-Leninism at the university in Kaunas stated that the three greatest obstacles to Communism were religion, private ownership and matrimony.³ The Party immediately attacked the three obstacles, concentrating its efforts on religion: It began to obstruct religious services, closed the Catholic Action organizations and the Catholic press, abolished religious instruction in schools, closed the seminaries, denied the clergy the right to perform legal marriages, confiscated Church property, and even made efforts to destroy the monuments of Christian culture.

3. The Repudiation of the Concordat and Expulsion of the Papal Nuncio.

The first step of the occupation government was to break off relations with the Holy See. On June 26, 1940, His Excellency Archbishop Luigi Contoz, the papal nuncio, was called to appear at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs and was bluntly told that the concordat between Lithuania and the Holy See was no longer in effect. Furthermore, the nuncio was given two days to vacate his residence and ordered to leave the country by August 25. The government did not provide a temporary residence, and it even confiscated the money he had on personal deposit in a bank. At the request of the Italian Legation, the German Embassy intervened and managed to convince the occupation government that the nuncio at least should be given \$500 for the journey to Italy.⁴

4. Obstruction of Religious Services and the attempt to Abolish Holy Days

At the same time that this was going on, NKVD agents began a campaign against the religious consciousness of the people. They began to attack personal beliefs on all levels. Convinced that little would be achieved by antireligious propaganda alone, they resorted to more severe measures to separate the people from the Church.

Political agents in the army, Marxist-Leninist lecturers in the schools, agents of all kinds in offices and factories worked feverishly to convince the people that attendance at church and participation in religious services in general was incompatible with the duties of a good citizen. When the pleas of these "apostles" of Communism failed, agents were placed near church entrances on Sundays and holy days to keep note of who attended. Sometimes NKVD agents photographed a congregation as it left church.⁵

State security agencies conscientiously spied on the activities of civil servants, teachers, students and factory workers. If one of these persons was caught attending church, he would be called before his superiors and warned to desist on pain of dismissal. Such persons were told that a religious individual cannot be a civil servant, educator, soldier or factory worker of the new socialist fatherland.

Later, in order to prevent the people from attending church, courses in Party history and the Soviet Constitution were given on Sundays and holy days at the hours of the services. All the members of the above-mentioned occupations were warned to attend or they would be fired. This, too, proved insufficient, and, on the example of Soviet Russia, attempts were made to abolish the traditional holy days, since these had been instituted for the benefit of religious reactionaries. At first it was thought that propaganda would suffice to accomplish this, but on the holy days officials failed to show up in their offices, students at their schools and workers at their factories.

When propaganda and resolutions passed by Soviet-organized mass meetings failed, a decree was published announcing that Sundays and Church holy days were working days and that those who failed to work on those days would be considered saboteurs and punished accordingly.

Religious processions were even more strictly banned on All Souls' Day and February 16, Lithuanian Independence Day. Attending mass on those days was prohibited, and secret police agents arrested many students at the Jesuit Church in Kaunas on All Souls' Day, 1940. In the evening, Party agents incited a mob of Red Army soldiers to attack a huge crowd that was praying in the Kaunas cemetery;⁶ a number of girls were raped in this attack. But all the Party's efforts to abolish holy days were in vain, the people continued to observe them and to attend religious services.

5. Anti-religious Propaganda

Intense propaganda against the old order and against religion started in the early days of the occupation. Every means was used to smear the Pope, the Church and the clergy, while the "benefits" Communism had brought to the human race were emphasized. The whole of Communist pseudoscience is, of course, based on dialectical materialism, and the variously titled "apostles" of Communism made great efforts to propagate this pseudoscience. Furthermore, they attempted not only to "wash the brain" but also to change human emotions. Soviet newspapers and other propaganda items were forced into the hands of the people on every possible occasion. Innumerable anti-religious meetings, as well as processions in honor of Stalin, Lenin, Marx and other members of the Communist pantheon, burdened the life of the population. It was categorically asserted in every speech that in three years no trace of the religious poison would be left and the Lithuanians would have arisen to the cultural level of the Soviet Union.

6. The Abolition of the Religious Press

Within a short time all publishing houses, presses and libraries were nationalized and the publication of any kind of religious literature was banned. The Party also quickly destroyed all religious literature found in warehouses. The countries bishops made efforts to safeguard this material, but in vain. They were primarily interested in saving the prayer book *Tėve Mūsų* (Our Father), which was just then being printed. J. Skvireckas, Archbishop of Kaunas and Bishop V. Brizgys, his auxiliary, wrote several notes to the Council of People's Commissars requesting permission to continue publication of the prayer book, but of course the Council did not grant such permission. The copies already printed were ordered destroyed.⁷ A biography of Pope Pius XII by the Rev. P. Brazys, MIC, that had already been printed met the same fate as did the liturgical

calendar *Ordo Divini Ofici*; copies of the calendar received from abroad were destroyed at the post office or returned to the senders.⁸

Libraries were severely affected. Under the direct supervision of Procenko, a special functionary sent from Moscow, 2,500 libraries were purged and all books of a religious or patriotic nature were destroyed. Monastery and seminary libraries were vandalized at the same time. The library of the Kaunas Seminary suffered especially heavily, since besides books of the type mentioned it also lost the irreplaceable archives of the diocese of Žemaitija (Samogitia). The archives and libraries of the Franciscans at Kretinga and the Marians at Marijampolė were confiscated. Fifty cartons of historical documents were taken from the historic monastery at Pažaislis on January 4, 1941, and 1,271 16th-century books and 62 volumes of periodicals were shipped to Moscow from the Academy of Science in Vilnius. This official vandalism cost Lithuania several million books, periodicals and historical archives within the space of a year.

As a further measure to prevent the circulation of religious literature, the private circulations of religious books that had been saved by individuals was banned. Thus the Rev. J. Bružikas was arrested at a mission when he distributed "counter-revolutionary" pamphlets on St. Anthony of Padua and St. Theresa of the Infant Jesus.⁹

7. The Closing of Monastic Orders and Catholic Organizations

In liquidating religious institutions, the Party did not forget the monasteries. As early as June, 1940, it confiscated all the buildings of the monasteries, monastery schools, hospitals and orphanages. Red Army soldiers were housed in the confiscated buildings for the most part. The monks could take nothing, or at the most insignificant personal articles, away from the monasteries.

Because of constant persecution and aggression the evicted religious could no longer wear their religious habits or live a community life. They lived wherever they could. Many of the priests found shelter among the faithful and continued their pastoral work; the brothers either continued to work in the churches as organists and caretakers or returned to their families. Many nuns found employment in hospitals and orphanages as civilian attendants. All these religious maintained contacts among themselves and where possible obeyed their superiors and carried out their religious duties.

The dispersion of the monasteries was not enough: An instruction on the suppression of all religious, issued by Deputy Commissar for Internal Affairs, Glatkov on October 2, 1940, ordered all local NKVD chiefs "to place under accountability all the religious in those regions with existing religious houses, and all religious superiors under formal accountability. Also, to form a net-

work of agents among all monks by solicitation."¹⁰ The cruelty of the means used in organizing these networks is testified to by the number of religious who went insane during the tortures employed in the process.

Similar orders affected Catholic Action organizations. By a decree of Commissar for Internal Affairs A. Guzevičius, the following organizations were closed: Kataliku Veikimo Centras (The Center of Catholic Action), Ateitininkų Federacija (The "Ateitis" Federation), Pavasario Sąjunga (The Spring Society), societies of Catholic men and women and all others established before the occupation. The purely Church associations, such as the Prayer League and the Third Order of St. Francis, were also affected. The decree was accompanied by the confiscation of all the property of the closed societies — their buildings, libraries, archives. Much of this material was later used in the liquidation of the more prominent members. Furthermore, on the night of July 12, 1940, according to a plan for the liquidation of organizational leaders dated July 7, many Catholic leaders and newspaper editors were arrested. Many of these men were tortured in prison and later deported to Russia, or else killed in prison.¹¹

This first attack on religious organizations did not end the Soviet efforts; a decree of October 2 ordered that all members of the banned organizations and fraternities who continued to associate with the clergy be placed under surveillance. Also, in order to liquidate all anti-Communist elements, an instruction of the Commissariat for Internal Affairs ordered that all suspect members of the banned organizations be made accountable. A similar order was promulgated on January 21, 1941. Finally, when on June 6, 1941, the plan for the liquidation of Lithuania's inhabitants was ready, former members of Catholic organizations to be liquidated were listed in the first section of the plan.¹²

8. The Banning of Religion in Schools and Public Institutions

Immediately after the occupation the process of eradicating religion from all public institutions was begun. As early as June 20, 1940, all religious instruction in schools was prohibited, school chaplains were dismissed and the religious schools were nationalized. A substantial part of the Soviet efforts against religion was directed at school-age children, since little was hoped for in the case of the older people. With this in mind, a teachers' conference was held in Kaunas on August 14 and 15 to instruct the teachers in how to educate Soviet youth. This convention failed to produce the desired results so repressions against individual teachers were begun.¹³

The Ministry of Education further ordered that all decorations of a religious or patriotic nature in schools and offices be replaced by pictures of Stalin, Lenin and other Communists.

The hours that had formerly been used for religious instruction in all schools were now used for lectures on Marxism-Leninism and the Stalin Constitution. The parents of school children asked the Commissar of Education that religious instruction be permitted in the schools, promising to defray the costs of this instruction; the request was turned down, and the clergy began teaching young people in churches. When the Party discovered this, it promptly banned the clergy from giving religious instruction anywhere or, in fact, associating with young people. In some areas it demanded written promises from the priests that they would not give children lessons in catechism.¹⁴

During the brief period of the first occupation—it lasted one year—the Communists did not have time to prepare new textbooks, so it was necessary to continue using the ones that had been used in independent Lithuania. However, all references to the Church, God, the saints, holy days and religious customs were torn out.

Religious symbols in other institutions were banned and removed at the same time. The religious oath was prohibited in the courts. All chaplains at hospitals, homes and orphanages were dismissed. The chapels in such institutions were closed and the religious vestments and articles were either destroyed or sold at auction. A priest was permitted to visit a hospital patient only upon the patient's written request, and even such requests were often ignored by supervisors. This meant that many of the faithful died without a clergyman in attendance.

9. The Closing of the Seminaries and the Faculty of Theology and Philosophy

During the summer of 1940 the Soviets confiscated the seminaries at Vilnius, Telšiai and Vilkaviškis. With the approach of the school year the bishops requested that they be returned, but the government refused. This left only the seminary at Kaunas, which, thanks to great efforts on the part of the Diocesan clergy, remained unnationalized, and now, in conformity with a decision of a council of bishops held on August 28 and 29, 1940, the only seminary in the country began to operate on September 1. The seminary was staffed with the finest professors from all the dioceses; 175 students, determined to obtain their holy orders in spite of the occupation, began the school year.

The occupation government was greatly displeased, and on January 8, 1941, the Council of People's Commissars nationalized the buildings of this institution as well. Repeated requests failed to obtain the return of the buildings, and the seminary had to move. The students and professors found shelter among members of their faith and continued their work in chapels and vestries. As a fruit of their efforts, 12 new Catholic priests were consecrated at the end of the school

year. This success failed to please the occupation government, since it meant the collapse of their plan to close all the seminaries by confiscating their buildings. As a result Bishops J. Kukta and V. Borisevičius were told in May that the Council of People's Commissars had decided that the seminary could no longer operate.¹⁵

The Faculty of Theology and Philosophy in independent Lithuania had been part of the University of Vytautas the Great devoted to the preparation of laymen and religious for work in education and the humanities. This faculty had been recognized by the Lithuanian Ministry of Education as well as by the Congregation of Studies of the Holy See. The faculty was quickly disbanded by the Communists. Nevertheless, the above-mentioned council of bishops decided that it would continue to operate under their sponsorship and the rights granted it by the Holy See. Bishop V. Brizys was appointed rector of the faculty and Bishop V. Padolskis dean. In spite of the difficult conditions under which it operated, the faculty was able to grant a doctorate in theology to one student.

10. The Destruction of Monuments of Christian Culture

The chief victims of this program were the nationalized seminary and monastery buildings. The archives, libraries, pictures and furnishings were at the mercy of Red Army soldiers as soon as the rightful owners were expelled, and the buildings were looted and vandalized. Not long afterward the Evangelical Church buildings in Vilnius, Kaunas and Kedainiai, which were of great historic and artistic value, were converted into youth houses and the artistic treasures ruined. The museum of religious art in Kaunas was mercilessly destroyed, and the religious art sections of municipal museums were emptied. Sometimes religious vestments found in such museums were used by soldiers to polish their shoes. The highway crosses and chapels with which the Lithuanian countryside was dotted were not spared, either: The Red Army proceeded to break the crosses and images.

Vandalism became so widespread that even the Communist government decided to take action, and it established an Office for the Preservation of Cultural Monuments. The staff for the office was chosen from among patriotic and qualified specialists, and it immediately set to work. Committees were sent out to register and safeguard the remaining monuments. The task was difficult; much had already been destroyed, and furthermore the Red Army paid scant attention to decrees of the puppet regime and often refused to admit committee representatives to army-occupied buildings. Thus in a single year the Bolsheviks destroyed innumerable and irreplaceable monuments of a Christian culture.¹⁶

11. The Persecution of the Clergy

The repressive measures that had been adopted failed to separate the believer from his Church, and they often had the contrary effect of strengthening the bond between religion and the people. A systematic persecution of the clergy was then begun.

It was hoped at first that once the clergy's means of livelihood were taken away, it would become subservient to the regime and forfeit the trust of the faithful. All Church property was nationalized, and priests' salaries were cut off, even their personal bank deposits being confiscated. The bishops and priests were also deprived of their residences. In rare cases a priest was permitted to remain in his residence, but his taxes were three times as high as those of the rest of the population. This move failed, for the faithful immediately rallied to the clergy's assistance.

The Party then resorted to a smear campaign to undermine this trust. Such titles as "parasite", "slaver," "enemy of the people" and many other epithets and slogans appeared in the press or were heard at mass meetings. Few believed the propaganda, and it failed to achieve results. Finally direct persecution was resorted to, as we have seen in the decree of Deputy Commissar Glatkov. The priests were accused of being reactionaries, for they continued the private teaching of religion to young people, preached special sermons for the young on Sundays and encouraged parents to "inoculate their children with Catholic principles," thus encouraging the religious resistance of the population.

To eradicate this reactionary activity, the deputy commissar ordered the NKVD to register and survey the clergy: to determine the identity of diocesan and parish officials and individual priests, to investigate contacts of the clergy with the faithful, to discover the premises where young people were receiving instruction, and to place under constant surveillance those clergy and religious who collected parents' signatures on petitions for the reintroduction of religion in the schools. This material was to be in the hands of the state security officials by October 15, 1940.

These measures were intensified by the order on priests published on January 21, 1941, by the Peoples' Commissar for Internal Affairs Guzvičius on orders from Glatkov.¹⁷ The pastoral work of priests became especially difficult, since each step was under the surveillance of NKVD agents. The widespread arrest of priests was begun at this time, although a number had been arrested earlier. Those arrested were accused of being active anti-Communists and were faced with eight years in prison or labor camp. The priests were subjected to long interrogations and frequent torture to obtain the desired confessions.¹⁸ Within the space of a year 44 priests, not to mention other religious, were jailed. Twelve

priests were deported to Russia, two of whom escaped; 16 were freed by the resistance in June, 1941; and 15 others were killed by the retreating Red Army. An additional 32 priests and more than 20 clerics were forced to flee abroad.¹⁹

12. Lithuanian Resistance to the Persecutions

The Catholic Church in Lithuania, like the lay population, was adamant in resisting Soviet persecution and remained faithful to Christian principles. The already mentioned council of Catholic bishops of August 28 and 29 decided to resist at all costs. Many of the measures it took have already been referred to. Soviet documents themselves testify to the success of this resistance. For example, we frequently read accusations directed against the Lithuanian bishops that in spite of all the prohibitions, they continued to appoint priests to care for the religious needs of the young.²⁰

Needless to say, all the while the churches were being persecuted, the Party did not cease boasting about the freedom of conscience and religion granted by the Soviet Constitution. Taking advantage of this, the bishops prepared a memorandum pointing out the violations of constitutional rights that were being committed. In May, 1941, Bishops J. Kukta and V. Borisevičius presented this memorandum to Soviet Minister Pozdniakovskiy and Chairman of the Council of Commissars M. Gedvilas.²¹

At first it had been thought that about half the priests would apostatize and become available for the Communists' purposes; the rest would then be taken care of through more severe measures. To achieve this end, high government officials tried to persuade priests of their acquaintance to apostatize and accept high-paying jobs. This project failed, although it is true that several priests did accept work as teachers or office employees. These, however, continued to perform their priestly duties in secret.²² Glatkov's assertion that many priests who had been deprived of their livelihood were wavering proved to be false. It had been his hope that such priests could serve in the spy networks. But neither economic loss nor physical torture could persuade the priests to commit treason.²³ It is true that a number of priests were forced to maintain silence and refrain from all activity, but not one agreed to become an NKVD agent.

The faithful followed the clergy's example and were also stanch in the face of persecution. They often sheltered evicted religious in their own homes, even though they had suffered great losses themselves. The laity was so generous in supporting the single remaining seminary, for example, that the bishops had to halt the collections. Bishop V. Brizgys wrote that "even those who had never seemed to be interested were now interested".²⁴

As has been mentioned, many measures were taken to prevent the faithful from attending services. They had the reverse effect, and the churches were fuller than ever. On days of services workers and students simply stayed away from work and school. University and high school students led the opposition to the abolition of holy days. Civil servants, who were under the most extreme pressure, fulfilled their religious duties at home and partook of the sacraments in secret.

The Party, in its war with religion, hoped to replace religion with the cult of the Party chief, and began to demand divine honors for him. The "Georgian Idol" failed to reap great honors or sympathy or to become the deity of a religious cult in Lithuania. When Communist propaganda publications appeared in place of the Catholic and patriotic press, Lithuanians simply stopped reading periodicals, and the Communists had no place to dispose of their printed material.

It has been noted that a teachers' conference was held on August 14 and 15, 1940. Its purpose was to eradicate the various bourgeois positions held by teachers so they could teach the new Soviet youth properly. The teachers ignored these overtures, and as a sign of protest they ended the conference with the singing of the banned Lithuanian National Anthem. Such teachers were poor material for "properly" educating the young and were immediately placed under surveillance. They were constantly abused in directives of the Commissariat of Education. Their position was especially difficult.

Furthermore, their pupils were constantly asking why pages had been removed from the

textbooks, why the crucifixes had been taken down, why prayers were no longer said. The teachers had to find answers that would not conflict with their convictions, would not mislead their pupils and would not get them into trouble with the NKVD. The teachers, with a few exceptions, refused to serve Communism, and many of them were arrested, deported, tortured or even killed.³⁵

School-age children, who had received a strong religious and patriotic background in independent Lithuania, showed great open resistance. Ways were quickly discovered in the schools to mock the images of the new "religion". Verses, songs and prayers directed against the Communist "gods" made their appearance. When the observance of religious holy days was banned, the Commissariat for Internal Affairs soon discovered that school children were helping priests in their plans to celebrate Christmas by encouraging the people not to work on Christmas Day but to attend church. They also helped distribute anti-Communist literature and plan street demonstrations.³⁶

In conclusion, then, it may be said that Communist efforts failed to achieve significant results in the realm of religion, just as they failed in other spheres in Lithuanian national life. Possibly for this reason, a plan for the extermination of the nation was prepared.³⁷ The unbending Lithuanians were to inhabit Siberian labor camps. Because of the war that broke out between the Soviet Union and Germany in June, 1941, the plan could not be completely carried out. But in several nights the Soviets did deport 34,260 Lithuanians to Siberia.

NOTES

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2. W. White, "Report on the Russians", *Readers Digest*, January 1945, p. 124.
3. Rev. A. Biliūnas, "Lietuvos Kataliku Bažnyčia po Bolševizmo Jungu". *Lietuvos Archyvas*, (The Lithuanian Archive), I, p. 67.
4. Rev. Dr. K. Gečys, *Katalikiškoji Lietuva* (Catholic Lithuania), Chicago, 1946, p. 355.
5. Biliūnas, op. cit., p. 66.
6. Gečys, op. cit., p. 375.
7. A. Trakiškis, *The Situation of the Church and Religious Practices in Occupied Lithuania*, New York, 1949, p. 20.
8. De Vulnere Ecclesiae Catholicae in Media Europa Iliato, Libellus pro-memoria, Rome, 1945, p. 13.
9. La Chiesa del Silenzio Guarda a Roma, Rome, 1957, p. 129.
10. Ibid., p. 113 (Italian translation of the document).
11. De Vulnere Ecclesiae, p. 15.
12. Trakiškis, op. cit., p. 13 (English translation of the document).
13. Balyš Vosylius, "Kaip Pradžios Mokykla Pradėjo Bolševinius Mokslo Metus" (How the Grammar School Began the Bolshevik School Year). *Lietuvos Archyvas*, Vol. II, p. 51.
14. Trakiškis, op. cit., p. 13 (English translation of the document).
15. Most Rev. V. Brizgys, "Kunigu Seminarija Kaune Bolševizmo Metais". (The Seminary in Kaunas under the Bolsheviks). *Lietuvos Archyvas*, Vol. I, p. 56.
16. A. Zabitis-Nezabitauskas, "Lietuvos Kultūros ir Meno Turtu Naikinimas" (The Destruction of Lithuanian Cultural and Artistic Treasures), Vol. II, p. 73.
17. La Chiesa, p. 115 (Italian translation of the document).
18. Ibid., p. 126.
19. J. Prunkis, 15 Lietuvoje sušaudytu kunigu (15 Priests Executed in Lithuania). Chicago, 1942; Also *Lietuvos Archyvas* (Lithuanian Archive) Vol. I, p. 70-73, and Gečys, op. cit., p. 292.
20. Gečys, op. cit., p. 391.
21. La Chiesa, p. 118.
22. Ibid., p. 125.
23. Ibid., p. 126.
24. *Lietuvos Archyvas* (The Lithuanian Archive), Vol. II, p. 56.
25. Ibid., p. 85.
26. La Chiesa Vo. 2, p. 124.
27. *Lietuvos Archyvas* (The Lithuanian Archive) Vol. I, p. 37-55.



NEW FACE IN ART

By Dr. POVILAS REKLAITIS

An Art Historian appraises the work of Albertas Vesčiūnas

ALBERTAS VESČIŪNAS of New York, a Lithuanian artist, has been working on the shores of the Mediterranean for the past two years. The result of his efforts is a collection of some fifty oil paintings and another fifty large drawings. The first noteworthy exhibit of his works was held in the Galerie des Independents in Villefranche-sur-Mer, France, from April 15 to May 15, 1959; it was arranged through the efforts of Antanas Liutkus, former Lithuanian diplomat and himself an artist, and enjoyed the official patronage of M. Francis Palmero, Mayor of Menton and Deputy to Parliament. A second exhibition was held June 1-18 at the City Hall in Free Berlin in the famous Kreuzberg building: it was backed by the art collector Mykolas Žilinskas and municipal funds. W. Kressmann, mayor, and W. Urban, adviser in art and education, officiated. Its success is largely to be accounted for by the sympathetic attitude of Berliners toward promising young artists. The works exhibited —thirty-eight oil paintings and fifteen drawings — took up two spacious floors in the city hall. Opening remarks were delivered by Dr. A. Janasch, director of Berlin's 20th Century Art Gallery.

The evolution of Vesčiūnas' art forms, is marked by a long history of conflict and tireless search under the trying conditions of an emigrant's life.

Albertas Vesčiūnas was born in Pandelys, Lithuania, on January 1, 1921. His artistic talent was not unprecedented in his family: His father and

sister were both painters. In 1940 Vesčiūnas took up the study of architecture in Kaunas; forced to flee to Germany by the events of 1944, second invasion of Lithuania by the Soviets, he continued his architectural studies in Stuttgart. In 1949 he emigrated to the United States and settled in New York. Despite difficult circumstances, he concentrated his efforts on artistic works. He studied graphic arts with Prof. Will Burnet until 1953, and works of this period were displayed at Art Students' League exhibits. In 1956 one of his works was included in a "Recent Drawings: U.S.A." exhibit at the Museum of Modern Art. From March 17 to March 25 of the same year a group of his drawings and lithographs was shown in an exhibit of the work of Lithuanian graphic artists at the Stuttgart Institut fur Auslandbeziehungen. In 1957, a painting by Vesčiūnas was displayed at the 15th Annual Exhibition of Audubon Artists at the National Academy Galleries in New York. All these early achievements received notice in the Lithuanian press and also in the German press, specifically in the "Baltische Gesellschaft in Deutschland-Mitteilungen" (Nos. 11 and 12, 1957).

Vesčiūnas felt himself spontaneously drawn to art while still a student of architecture. The basis of his work is a studied, deeply personal drawing, to which he applied himself with unusual zeal. Day after day he drew from nature and the Old Masters and sketched figure groups from his imagination. All his drawings, whether ink, chalk, pencil or charcoal, showed a rapidly acquired

skill and an amazing ability to capture forms of reality. The still young but daring artist achieved a feeling of mastery through extraordinary energy and determination and an almost fanatical devotion to work. His earliest drawings already foreshadow a growing dissatisfaction with realism and a constant search for an adequate expression of his own world view. Thus, he had to give up the hard-won world of reality, and had to go his own way.

But which way? The simplest means to achieve a modern technique and to express a modern world outlook is the conventional cubistic stylization of forms. Vesčiūnas tried this, but he soon gave it up, finding it incompatible with his sense of the genuine and his keen perception of nature's rhythm, which is opposed to any kind of artifice. The artistic forms must fluctuate, whirl, seem to move and grow. They must also forsake conventionality, loose their well defined contours, try to convey more than ordinary apprehension can grasp.

While an artist is searching for individual expression and is perfecting his skill, he is subconsciously, but with the necessity of the historical process, creating universal symbols, documents and signs of his era. As his creativeness matures,

these signs become clearer. The goal passionately sought after by modern art in our epoch is the dissolution of optical objects into their elements. Vesčiūnas can be called one of the radical exponents of this movement, principally because he attempts to solve the problem in the most difficult way — that is, sensitively, absolutely unschematically but personalizing every detail. As a result of this personal interpretation, the visual image ceased to be what it has been and breaks up into fragments. This breaking up — "vibrating dispersion" would be more accurate term — brings about a transformation of the material world into spiritual reality.

For those who seek objective representation, Vesčiūnas' paintings will at first prove disappointing. The figure group, which attracted Vesčiūnas' at the beginning, loses all its anatomical properties and its delineation. Physiognomy of the head becomes an inseparable part of the landscape and the landscape itself discards its botanical aspect to become a cosmic "landscape". There is a parallel to the cosmic fantasy of the first great abstract painter, M.K. Čiurlionis; Vesčiūnas goes further however, in the composition of these abstract landscapes, and it would be quite futile to search for astronomical forms, so typical of

ALBERTAS VESCIUNAS



CHILD'S FACE (OIL, 1959)

Čiurlionis. Yet, in spite of this abstraction, Vesčiūnas' landscapes are distant views, not images of inner structure, as in the works of W. Baum-eister and similar abstractionists. They are "spiritualized" landscapes, composed of subtly diffused elements of nature, supra-cosmic compositions, actually, but their substance is real. They are of great symbolic significance and seem to suggest the final and complete disintegration of our material world.

In the history of art eschatological landscapes first appeared in the paintings of the Last Judgment, beginning with the sober formulations of the early Byzantine Christians and culmination in the monumental and elaborate canvases of the baroque. The latest impressive creation of this kind was Rubens' work "The Fall of the Damned", in which a mass of countless bodies is caught up in a cosmic convulsion that melts and disintegrates in the midst of smoke, accompanied from above by a million flakelike projections of heavenly light.

On the surface, Rubens' style seems to be almost similar to that of the impressionists. Closer analysis, however, reveals a great abstractionist and a symbolist, whose colossal painting transforms proximate reality into the great chaos of immortal forms and substances. The same goal is more or less consciously sought by the new abstractionist drawing and painting. But seldom do the new artists reach the full depth and dignity of a metaphysical vision. Rubens solved everything purely by means of brushwork, and his painting stands as a masterpiece unique in his own work and in the work of his age.

Vesčiūnas solved his problems essentially through the medium of drawing, and, as has already been noted, the basis of his work is drawing. Through drawing he mastered reality and by manipulating it in his highly personalized drawing he transformed it into a meaningful symbolic abstraction. This kind of abstraction is actually a psychogram. When we examine his paintings more closely we discover that they are



ALBERTAS VESCIŪNAS

Landscape (Oil, 1958)

ALBERTAS VESČIUNAS



A FIGURE (OIL, 1959)

not "drawn" but "written" in the sensitive hand of the virtuoso. His stroke is delicate, at once nervous and resolute, extremely individualized and controlled in every inch. Another parallel from art history can be seen here, and that is with the Utrecht Psalm illustrations of 830 A.D. These illustrations are inscribed in a subtly vibrating line. They are actual expressions of spiritual emotion, which, by breaking up the contours of the objects drawn, leads them out of a separate existence into a vision of universal significance.

Vesčiūnas took up oil painting only recently, some three years ago, in America. Color served to enhance the intimate graphology of his drawing. The color is rich in nuances, which strengthen the impression of cosmic and supra-cosmic space and enhance the abstraction of natural forms. From the standpoint of technique, his paintings can be

classified into two groups. To the first group belong these paintings in which he tries to maintain a transparency of color by diluting the paints with a mixture of oil, turpentine and varnish, working slowly, in the technique of Old Masters, and allowing the soft colors to come through in layers on a white canvas background. The second group consists of paintings begun in the manner described above but completed by spontaneously throwing on the canvas straight colors of more limited tonality. It is similar to Van Gogh's or the Fauves' use of color. It must be noted that the vibration of the color particles in Van Gogh's paintings is quite different, for the particles have a great deal of decorative stability, they act, as in a magnetic field, in parallel wavy lines, whereas Vesčiūnas' color strokes spread irrationally, mysteriously suggesting an immaterial distance.

JURGIS JANKUS

Jurgis Jankus (b. July 27, 1906), novelist, short story writer and playwright, is one of the most outstanding writers among the Lithuanian exiles. His prose writings, which can be generally described as neo-realistic, have earned him a high place in the evolution of the Realistic branch of Lithuanian prose literature, next to such men as Marius Katiliškis and Pulgis Andriušis.

Jurgis Jankus appeared quite suddenly on the scene of Lithuanian creative writing. Two books of his unfinished trilogy — *Egzaminai* (Examinations) and *Be Krantų* (Shoreless), 1938 — became the immediate favorites of the younger generation and were greeted with enthusiasm by critics and readers alike. In these two books, Mr. Jankus described student life with unusual warmth and a captivating style reminiscent of the best of the North European Impressionist school (Hamsun, Lagerlof, Sillanpaa). The third volume of the trilogy was lost in the confusion of war occupation.

Mr. Jankus' next work, the book-length story *Vientautų berniukai* (Boys of Vientautai), for which he received the "Ziburėlis" award, delves into the soul of a child with remarkable sensitivity. His two dramas, *Sūnūs* (Sons) and *Audronė*, gives proof of the breath and authenticity of his talent.

Mr. Jankus' first book written in exile, *Naktis ant Mory* (Night on the Bier), which won the "Naujasis Gyvenimas" award in 1948, depicts in a much more factual style the destructive power of war and the hell of concentration camps. Mr. Jankus' skill of maintaining suspense throughout a work without sacrificing depth is quite evident in this book.

In later books, Impressionism gives way to a very individual realistic style that has reached classical clarity yet has preserved a characteristic warmth and vividness.

The short story collection entitled *Pirmasis Rūpestis* (The First Worry), 1951, which included our story "Your Hands are Clean" — clearly shows a mature artistic ability to recreate in condensed and characteristic form various situations of human existence. Mr. Jankus' characters are alive and exist convincingly and vividly in their



world. Their speech is authentic, their spiritual perspective has depth. In this collection we also find *Velnio Bala* (The Devil's Marsh), which was translated into Flemish, German and Italian and praised by critics of those nations. The short story is unquestionably assured of an important place among select Lithuanian prose writings.

The novel *Paklydė Paukščiai* (Lost Birds), 1952, turns itself toward the more educated "classes" or the "intelligentsia", searching for deeper human meanings in their lives. The author is here inventive, lively, humorous and perceptive. In the novel *Namas Geroj Gatvėj* (House on a Good Street), (Lithuanian Writers' Society Award, 1954), he examines problems raised by modern life. Here he touches a wide range of moral questions, which until then had been rather conservatively treated in Lithuanian literature thus bringing upon himself the opprobrium of traditionally narrow-minded circles.

Mr. Jankus' later work continues to show a further maturing of his talent, a broadening world-outlook and the courage to be a pioneer. He is currently intensively studying the modern literature of other nations and continues to write in deep conviction that man and the earth on which he lives are basically good and shall endure.

His lively and playfully written tales *Po Raganos Kirviu* (Under the Axe of the Witch), 1953, and *Senas Kareivis Matatutis* (The Old Soldier Matatutis), 1958, are proof of Mr. Jankus' masterful command of his native tongue and of his unexhausted creative resources.

Dr. Henrikas Nagys

Another day and it would be Christmas Eve. It had seemed so far away. Whenever you can't hold it, time flows like water.

Behind the door, dishes clattered and splashed in the water. At times, women's voices could be heard: one high and brittle—the mother's and another low, restrained, disturbing in its warmth—the daughter's. Then for a moment, the house would be as still as if you were locked in a tomb.

Through a thick white curtain you could see a large rectangular yard separated from the fields by stables, a barn, a granary. In the yard, both of the Vainiškis men were walking around: Vytautas and his father. They carried feed to the animals, to avoid working during the holidays. Then they began to clean the stables, piling manure in the yard.

Povilas envied them.

It had already snowed quite a bit, but light and scattered snow-flakes continued to fall from the grey sky, drifted in the yard, danced in front of the window, quietly settled on the ledge.

He envied the flakes, the air, the cold biting his cheeks, and the freedom to cross the yard without looking around or to toss manure out of the stable.

Each day he liked this small quiet family more and it seemed as if his home were here. Recommended by friends, he came to stay, although only for a few days, until he found an opportunity to cross the border. But the elder Vainiškis thought otherwise.

"Why rush to get there," he had said. "There are only four of us. There are no strangers; and our family, when necessary, knows how to keep the tongue behind the teeth. One could go across. Many go, but some are caught. Some others are even shot. Here, your risk is not so great. As long as you can bear it, sit here, and work, if you have anything to do. When it becomes unbearable, we will all go. But they won't be here for long."

Povilas had liked these words of the father, and he had stayed, only he never went outside during the day, so no stranger would see him. But even this was not too hard, when he considered that the Bolsheviks would not be here for long, that the war would spread, that they would have to flee. Time passed, even Christmas Eve came, but the world was calm as if nothing new had happened in this part of the earth.

While waiting, he read all the books he could get and was halfway through a pamphlet on human rights, but the Bolsheviks only kept reinforcing their positions, felled trees along the border; groups of officers wandered in the fields planting little stakes for some reason or other.

For a while, when he learned that the Bolsheviks thought he had escaped to Germany and had confiscated his home and farm, he had been filled with a quiet assurance. But even this mood was now dispelled. On a day like this, he could no longer just keep sitting there. He rose from the table, stretched and glanced through the window, and stopped again. He had been just on the point of going out and picking up a fork to work alongside Vytautas and the father when from behind the barn, a fur-coated person approached the man, and began to talk with them. His hands

YOUR HANDS ARE CLEAN

By JURGIS JANKUS

were in his pockets and as he talked, he scattered the snow with his foot. Both of the Vainiškis, father and son, listened, leaning on their forks, to what the fur-clad one was saying. And when he again disappeared behind a corner of the barn, they stood there for a good while longer, talking. Then the father jabbed the ground with the fork, flung it into the manure and entered the house. It seemed to Povilas that the conference concerned him, and that the elder Vainiškis was now coming to speak to him, but when he went into the kitchen and began softly to talk with the women, Povilas sat down again behind the table, his wish to go outside having died down considerably.

After a while, the father did come in though, and directly began:

"You know, friend, we cannot figure out what is best now. You saw the man who was just here? He told us to expect a search tonight. The Bolsheviks know, he said, that many men are hiding along the border, waiting to cross. They

looked for a long time for the easiest way to scoop these up, and now someone on our side had advised them that Christmas Eve would be the best time. All come together for supper then, so the ones in hiding would be there too. They even hope to find some who have secretly come from the city."

"Then someone does know that I am here?" asked Povilas.

"You see, how can I put it?" hesitated the father. "For certain, no one knows, but they sense it. I myself don't know who is where, but I can sense many things. Sometimes you talk with a man and see what he is thinking or hiding. But of that have no worries. Nobody need come here. Without the warning, you would have been undisturbed and calmly gone to sleep with the covers over your head; but now I had to tell you. We have already talked it out. With Vytas and now with mother. We all think it's best to leave here. Don't think for a moment anybody wants to get rid of you. We are not at all afraid, but something could happen to you, yourself. It is unlikely that you could cross the border now. New green-hats arrived yesterday. Some have already been posted along the line, others are still idle. They, it is said, will hunt tonight. They won't go everywhere. They might come or they might not, but as you yourself well know, when anything is on, it always seems they will come to your house."

The old man was silent. So was Povilas. He believed him, and in his heart felt the fear of a hounded animal, but he had nothing to say. There was nowhere he could go, and the father, after a minute, spoke again.

"We thought this way and that, but could think of nothing better. You will have to go back a ways. At least for a time, until we learn what is going on. That accursed forbidden zone here. Away from the border, control is at least not as strict. As soon as it gets dark, Vytas will hitch the bay to drive you over to my wife's sister's. They are also one family, without hired people, so you need not worry. But, if it does get tight over there, you will have to try the border; what can one do?"

While the father was speaking, Vytas entered and quietly sat down, the mother appeared in the doorway, the daughter behind her. It began to resemble a small conference. Povilas felt that he must say something.

"I did wrong to linger here," he began softly. Didn't think I would stay here this long and cause so much worry. I too don't know what to say. I would prefer to risk the border, rather than bring trouble to another family."

"The border is impossible right now", interrupted Vytas. "Maybe later, although the guard is heavier all the time. I will look around, but for now we will do what father says. There just is no other way."

"Well, since you have decided. But I would rather sink even into the earth. Say, what would you think if we dug a little room in the manure pile? Not only the Bolsheviks, the devil himself could not smell anyone in there."

They all laughed, but the first decision stood. Evening was approaching. Povilas was putting his few belongings in order. The north-west wind was getting sharper and the snow whirled in thicker clouds.

"Good," said the elder Vainiskis. "If only it keeps on. It will cover the tracks quickly and spying eyes won't see them so readily. Good."

As darkness fell the storm became violent. The wind whistled and raised whirlpools of snow, naked branches moaned and whistled. Vytas smiled because the sky was mixed up with the earth.

They hitched the bay, liveliest of the four. He was restless after the stable, trod the ground, snorted, and jerked his head. Povilas hurried to say goodbye. He held the girl's hand a little longer than the others. A warmth flooded his chest, but he was happy that during those lonely days he did not tell her all that had entered his head and heart.

Silent, they saw him out the door. They did not even carry a light.

"Just keep off the highway," the father gave a final warning, "so you don't run into anybody. And the bridge will be guarded for sure. Better turn into the woods and then straight across and you won't get stuck. Guards can't be posted on the whole zone."

Vytas only nodded his head, while Povilas wished them a Merry Christmas. He tried to appear nonchalant, and promised to come for a dance on the second day of Christmas.

"No, Vytas and I will drive over," said the girl. The bay, feeling a loose rein, started and they disappeared without a sound in the darkness, as if the wind had picked them up and carried them away.

The three remaining stood a while, staring into the darkness, as if trying to follow and guard them to the end.

"God help them!" the elder Vainiskis whispered.

It was not too often that he bothered God with his requests, but now he really felt that it was necessary.

"Let us go," said the mother.

"Tsss!" warned the daughter, and grasped both parents' arms.

From the gate, through the yard, a man's shadow flitted. Now they all saw the man running toward the house. The father groaned.

"That's all we needed," he said.

"Who is there?" asked the mother with fear.

"That does not matter. He saw. That is enough," the father snapped at the women and turned around to enter the house. He wanted to meet nobody now.

But the man did not stop. He passed the father and ran into the house first. Only now they recognized Vytas.

"What happened to them?" whispered the mother with fear in her voice, as she followed the father.

In the doorway they met Vytas dashing out. In his hand was a small kitchen axe.

"What happened?" asked the father.

"The shaft slipped loose," he answered curtly.

"Take any nails?"

"Yes!" he cried out and with a few sprints disappeared into the dark.

And now the father remembered that the shaft had not been nailed. When last spring the bay spilled the women and broke it, he had put a new one in, but forgot to nail it. He remembered well, how the girl had run into the workshop shouting that the Bolsheviks were marching on the highway. He had put the nail into his vest pocket and gone to look. Now, he put two fingers into the pocket, pulled the nail out, examined it, tossed it on the shelf and sat down to shave. The women went back to the kitchen.

Povilas held the bay, who had turned away from the wind, and stamped his feet. Through his thin shoes the cold seeped in like water. But Vytas soon was back, fixed the pole, threw the axe into the sled. Both fell in and drove on.

The horse, hitched to a sled for the first time, flew like the wind. Only whirlpools of snow surrounded them, slapping their faces, eyes, muffling their breath.

For a while they travelled on the highway; then they turned through the fields and into the woods. Here the wind ceased immediately, as if it had risen above the ground or could not keep up with the horse and had remained in the fields: only the pines sighed and snow fell from above. It fell unevenly, in lumps, as if someone were walking on the pine-tops and flinging down handfuls of it.

The bay did not slow his pace. He flew and flew. The sled would bounce against the roots, the whipple-tree would rattle, but the noise did not

frighten them: it could not penetrate the forest, but fell into the buzzing darkness and suddenly disappeared, like a stone in water. Laden branches, like black arms, brushed their heads from time to time.

Both men were silent. Vytas stared ahead, while Povilas thought how strangely it had all been interrupted. He had been thinking of a cozy Christmas Eve, but knew that now there would not be one.

Suddenly it became somewhat lighter.

"The swamp," said Vytas.

Now Povilas saw that the line of black pines supporting the sky dropped down ahead of them and became greyer. The bay, startled, reared.

"Stop!" a sharp voice sounded in front.

Vytas' first impulse was to go faster, but realizing that nothing good would come of it, stopped instead.

A soldier approached them out of the dark. The men could see an automatic rifle across his arm and a long overcoat, flapping around the guard's legs. In the darkness he appeared solid and strong.

"Where to?" he asked coming closer.

"To the girls," answered Vytas in his broken Russian.

"Your papers, please."

"We need papers even for the girls? We think they will be glad anyway," he tried to jest.

"Don't joke. For you know that this is the forbidden border zone and you can't drive around without papers," he ignored the joke and spoke in a calm but extremely cold voice. "Your papers, please."

Vytas pulled out his wallet and began searching for the passport. The guard examined the passport, using his flashlight, and found it in order with the necessary markings for the forbidden zone.

"And yours?" he addressed Povilas.

Povilas moved uneasily, trying to reach an inside pocket.

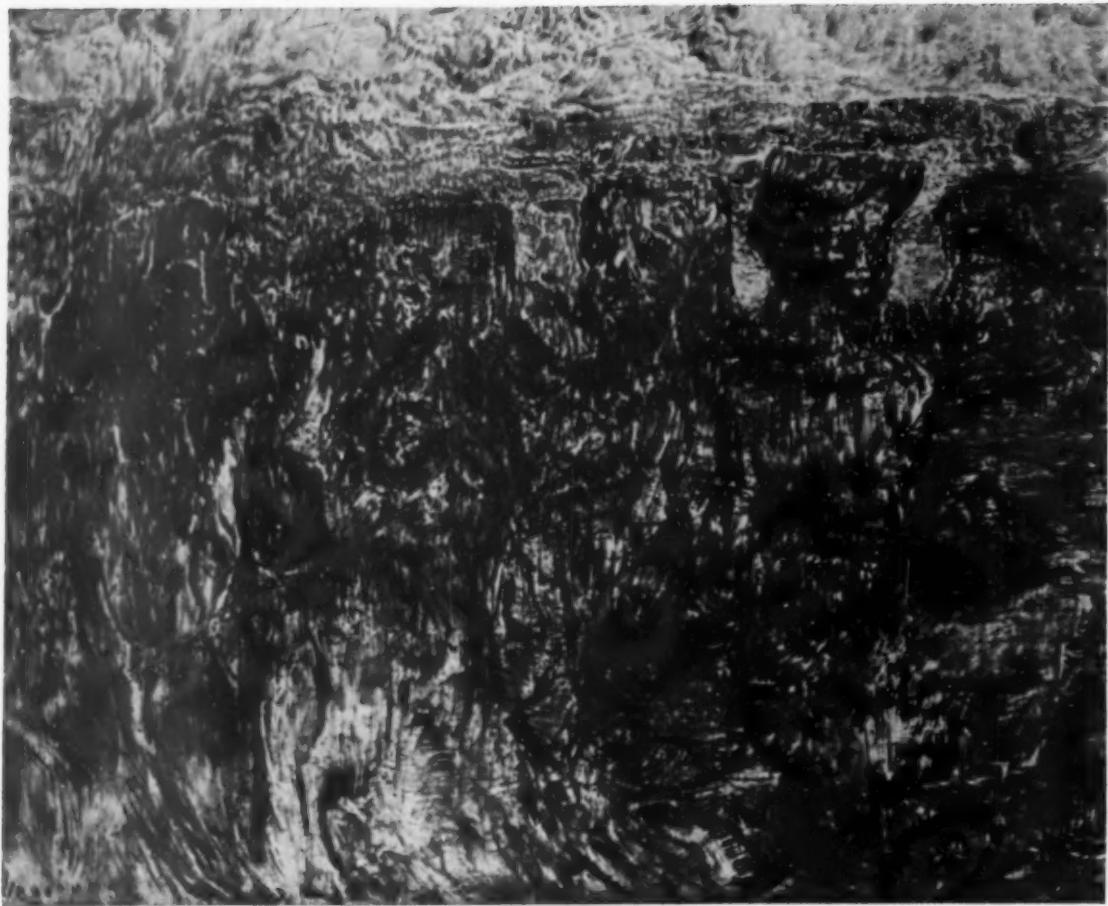
"He is my brother," interrupted Vytas. "I answer for him."

"You can answer for yourself only. Let me see it."

Povilas also gave him the passport.

The soldier flashed his light on the passport, then into Povilas' face. Povilas blinked from the light.

"Your passport is not in order," he said. "How did you get here?" "I told you that he is my brother," answered Vytas. "He came only today, to tell us that mother is sick. I am going back with him."



ALBERTAS VESCIONAS

FIVE GIRLS (OIL, 1959)

"Why does he say nothing?"

"He knows no Russian."

"And where does he live?"

"Here in the village. Just beyond the swamp. If you want, ride with us and see that mother is sick. Maybe she is dead already."

"No matter. You know you can't travel this way here."

"But try to understand, sickness does not wait. You know how long it takes to get a permit, while mother fell ill suddenly. And in the evening too. You probably have a mother yourself and what would you do in such a case?"

"Well, there is nothing I can do. We will have to go to an officer; maybe he will let you go, or send someone to investigate. I can't do it. Turn around and drive. And don't try to escape."

Vytas still tried to talk, but the soldier raised his voice and ordered them to turn around and

keep quiet. He moved back from the sled and put the flashlight in his pocket to have both hands free.

"What now?" said Vytas, climbing from the sled.

"Leave the horse and to the woods. He will miss in the dark," suggested Povilas.

"The horse will get him home. Can't."

"Keep quiet!" ordered the soldier.

"Keep quiet! That bear is slow climbing out of the sled. How can I turn around," rejoined Vytas.

"Get out!" ordered the soldier.

There appeared to be little room among the trees, and Vytas, one foot on the runners, started to pull the bay backwards. He saw that the soldier was keeping his eye on Povilas, and he pulled the horse till he found himself in back of the soldier. Then quickly he reached into the sled, took a step forward, and a dull thud was

heard. The soldier sank into the ground without a sound.

By the time Povilas realized what had happened, Vytas had thrown the soldier into the sled and called out to him, "Get in!"

He himself, without waiting, jumped into the sled and tugged the reins. The horse jumped as if from a fire, and Povilas barely managed to fall in.

The horse flew between low alder and juniper shrubs, which so closely resembled standing people.

"Get the automatic, and if anybody tries to stop us again, shoot first," he said to Povilas.

"No need. I have a pistol."

After a while he added, "I would have knocked this one over, but I was afraid that another would be nearby."

The shrubs ended and the path began to climb. The bay no longer ran, but plodded slowly through the drifts. In the distance, lights appeared.

"What shall we do if he is still alive?" asked Vytas, but Povilas did not answer.

"I couldn't finish him," he added after a moment. Povilas again did not answer.

In silence they passed several farmsteads. Not a man was in sight; only a few dogs followed them in several places. It was the hour of the "Kūčlos." (the Christmas Eve dinner, which is eaten immediately after sunset). At one farmstead Vytas turned off the road and stopped behind the barn.

"Wait here, while I go and take a look", he said. He climbed out of the sled and walked away.

The bay was now quiet. He stood still, occasionally digging at the snow with his feet. Only now did Povilas realize how cold his own feet were. He knocked them against each other, then leaned over and touched the soldier, who lay heaped in the sled with his rear end up in the air. The automatic lay nearby. Povilas picked it up and carefully laid it on the seat; then tried to place the soldier in a more comfortable position, but he was too heavy. He was not yet stiff, but rather appeared drunk and sleeping. What would he do if he began to move? Vytas' hands were strong, he knew that; still, a man is not a fly.

Two men appeared from behind the barn: Vytas and another.

"It's all right. Go. Not even a fox will bark that you are here," said Vytas.

The stranger stood with his hands in his pockets and seconded Vytas. His voice was low, soft, and warm. Povilas immediately felt that he would be safe here, but he did not want to leave the soldier for Vytas to handle alone. Vytas did not want to go inside and hurried to get on, so

Povilas pulled him aside, and whispered: "I will see you out aways and fire a shot. Just to make sure, so he wil not revive."

"No need," Vytas answered curtly. "I already know where I will put him."

"Have you considered this well?"

"Everything. Just don't worry."

He said a short goodby and began to turn the horse.

"We'll come by the day after tomorrow," he added and climbed into the sled.

The snow was deep and the bay was plodding now instead of running.

Vytas reached back to touch the soldier and noticed that he now lay in a different position. A chill ran down his back. He had lied to Povilas. Up to now he had no idea about what to do with the soldier. If he were still strong enough to attack him suddenly, it would not be at all difficult to hit him again with the head of the axe. But if he moaned and asked for help or tried to escape, Vytas could not decide what he would do.

The horse sank deeply into the snow and jumped. Then the sled sank, swayed, and turned over onto its side. Both Vytas and the soldier tumbled out into the snow. He realized he had reached the road and had flipped over when crossing the ditch. His first impulse was to leave the soldier there, to just let him lie. Nobody would find him till the thaw. But on second thought, he shook his head. Who knows? The drifting might stop shortly. Then they would find both him and the tracks. They would arrest Vytas and piece the story together. And what would stop them from taking several more suspect men of the neighborhood and blaming them too?

He climbed into the ditch and tried to pick him up, but the ditch was deep, and the soldier was heavy. He struggled for several minutes. Finally he succeeded in dragging out the inert form and dumping it back into the sled. He stood up, shook off the snow, and wiped his brow. His forehead was wet. The horse stood staring over his shoulder and wiggling his ears.

"You feel queasy, too," said Vytas groping for the reins. He patted the bay's neck and stroked him. The horse was hot. It continued to stare over his shoulder and move its ears. Vytas also looked back. Somebody was driving on the road, a clear dark blot in the whitish greyness of the night.

Vytas again leapt into the sled and tugged the reins. The bay had no intention of trotting. In places where the road was blocked by drifts, he plodded even more slowly. Unwillingly, Vytas

glanced over his shoulder. The blot was approaching. After a few kilometers, he clearly saw that a pair was following him. Soon, he could hear the jingle of the bridle and sense how vigorously the horses plodded through the snow.

He regretted that he had not taken a whip. He tugged at the reins with greater force. He did not know who was behind him, and he did not want the stranger to pass him. If he were an acquaintance, he might recognize him and ask where he was going, or he might jump in and start a conversation, letting his horses run behind. Vytas himself had done this more than once and feared that it might happen now.

The bay started to run faster; the stranger was left behind, but soon began to gain again. Vytas was seized by fear. He clenched his teeth, knelt in the front of the sled, swung the reins over his head, and struck at the horse's legs. The bay leaped forward, evenning out to a fast trot, and again flew like the wind, while armfuls of snow fell into the sled and whizzed past his ears.

The wagon behind began to recede. Soon it again was merely a dark blot.

He had to cross a river. Vytas resolved to turn off the road before the bridge, descend to its bank, and drive along the river till he found a break in the ice. There he would dump his load and return. Nobody would find him there till spring and then they would never recognize him.

But the black blot began to grow larger again, and just before the bridge, it was so near that one could see the horses, their heads thrown back, lifting their feet high over the snow. Fine horses.

He was afraid to turn aside into the drifts, for the wagon might overturn; neither dared he descend to the river. He only wanted to find a way to lose the stranger. The forbidden zone and the bridge were two kilometers to the left. Guards would surely be there, so he could not even think of driving in that direction. If he turned the other way on the highway, he might also meet someone. Far to the right, there was the gleam of auto headlights. Someone might notice what the sled carried.

He again tugged at the reins, to cross the highway while the cars were still far away. There were several of them. He counted four in one row, and in the distance others gleamed. The bay again began to fly, and those in the back of him to recede. Vytas resolved to drive straight ahead and see what would happen. If he became certain they were following him, he would turn in at the first farm and thus let them pass.

The cars plowed slowly through the snow. Skidding, they approached the intersection. Vytas

shifted his position so he could see both the road and the highway. The wagon in the rear was again edging closer. With his left hand, Vytas jerked the reins, driving on the bay. He sped as if in a race. Gripping the right rein so the horse would not turn toward home, he dashed across the highway just in front of the cars. Through the wind, he could hear shouting in the rear and he urged the horse on, as if they had really hailed him.

In the light of the headlights, two men appeared on the highway, and the last car stopped. The other three pushed onward. Vytas could not really tell that the two men got out of the wagon, but as soon as he saw them, he could feel the hair rising beneath his hat. He did not see any horses crossing the highway, but, standing upright in the sled, he began to whip the horse with the reins. The bay sped level with the ground. Vytas kept striking and constantly glancing over his shoulder. The highway was far behind him now and he could not see anyone following him. The car was still there. Three others approached and then stopped. Now, Vytas could not forgive himself that he had not carried the soldier into the swamp and dumped him there. The following day he could have chopped out a hole to sink him. Nobody would have found a trace. Even now he hesitated. Should he carry him to the Trakutis and throw him somewhere into a thicket? Here anyone could easily find him, even the children on their way to school or rabbit trappers. But if he were to leave him, he could drive calmly home, fearing nothing from the guards.

When he reached the Trakutis, he stopped. In back nothing could be seen or heard. The cars on the highway had started to move on again. Nobody could tell what the wagon was doing. In front of him, a horse neighed. It was quite near, a dozen or so steps away. A shiver ran down Vytas' back, and he began to perspire. Quickly he sat down and urged on the horse. After a few steps the bay began to edge to the side. Vytas leaned into the sled and gripped the axe. A sleigh drawn by a single horse appeared. It was loaded with something and a man sat with his back to the wind.

"Is it far to the highway?" he called in passing.

"Two, maybe two and a half," answered Vytas and his heart became calmer. He even whistled to the bay. The horse neighed and began to trot. The road across the Trakutis was not blocked by drifts and again it was possible to drive faster. But now it suddenly occurred to him that he could leave the soldier nowhere. Everywhere someone might find him and then the whole neighbor-

hood would have to suffer. The best place was a hole in the ice, but alone and with such an axe, he could work all night and still not manage to cut one. Besides, another guard might find him as he worked. After a while he again stopped to listen. He could hear only the wind. In both directions along the road, no suspicious blots were visible. He turned across the ditch to the fields.

"The wind is blowing across my tracks and in half an hour, even in broad daylight, it will be difficult to guess that anyone had driven here," he thought and urged the horse on, to get far away from the highway as quickly as possible.

* * *

Mrs. Vainiškis and her daughter had set the table long ago. The hay, the white cloth, a plate with the wafers, decorated with rue branches; the plates were set, but nobody sat down at the table.

The father stood by the stove, then began to pace uneasily from corner to corner. At times he would go out to the yard and stand at the gate listening for the dull sound of the horse's hoofs above the whistling wind. Before his intent eyes, dark blots would begin to flutter in the grey darkness of the night and then disappear, and Vainiškis, cut by the cold, would return to the house. At the very worst, it should take him two hours to the aunt's and back, but the hands of the clock made circle after circle and Vytas did not return. The time for eating the "Kūčios" was long past. The father, the mother, and the daughter walked about in silence. Each guessed at the fate of the two men in his own way, but no one had much hope left. The mother knelt down in front of a picture of the Blessed Mother of the Gate of Dawn and began to pray silently. The daughter wiped her tears, went into the small room where Povilas had stayed since autumn,



ALBERTAS VESCIONAS

NO. 1, 1960

Pen and Ink Drawing, 1959

and stood for a long time with her burning brow leaning against the cold glass of the window. It was dark in the yard; only the wind whistled and flung the snow at the windows. When the clock struck eleven, she returned to the common room. At half past eleven, they all jumped, and shivers ran down their backs. Somebody so unexpectedly knocked at the window that the mother ran to blow out the light.

"Wait!" scolded the father. "Can't you see it's Vytas?"

"Father, come here. Help me to unhitch," shouted Vytas with his face against the window.

The father quickly put on his fur coat, lit a torch, and went out. Vytas stood by the sled in the yard.

"No need for a light. Leave it," he said.

The father hesitated, but the son took the torch out of his hand, carried it to the vestibule, and left it there. He then picked up the reins and began to drive the horse toward the stable.

"Go inside, you are frozen," said the father. "I will unhitch by myself."

But Vytas did not let go, and the father followed him.

Both unhitched the horse and let him into the stable. It was as wet as if it had just come out of a river.

"Why did you have to drive like that?" the father asked accusingly. "If you were delayed, there was no need to hurry. The house is not on fire.

Vytas again did not answer, but only picked up two forks from the shed and handed one to the father.

"What for?"

"You remember what Povilas said about nobody finding him in the manure pile? When I remembered that, I had no better ideas."

"Where is Povilas? What is this?"

"No, Povilas is where he should be, but that has to go here."

He pointed to the sled and the father only then noticed that something lay inside. He touched it with his hand, and, feeling a man, shuddered.

"In silence, they moved aside half of the manure, placed the huddled form and covered it. Then they both wiped off the perspiration and Vytas

briefly related what had happened and how he had searched for a place.

"After the holidays, we will drive him to the swamp. In the meanwhile, let him stay here. Why should they find him on a roadside and then torture people? Better let them think that he deserted."

The father agreed and both entered the house.

"The women need not know this," said the father, wiping his feet at the doorway. Vytas nodded.

"Did they stop you?" asked the mother in a voice still trembling with fear, almost before they had come in.

"O no! Aunt sends her best. And uncle," he added, hanging up his coat.

But the mother gave him a searching look. In silence she gazed as he washed and dried himself.

"But child, what happened?" she asked suddenly. "You don't look at all like a human being."

"I'm frozen," said Vytas hurriedly, and tried to smile, but his lips formed an unpleasant grimace.

After that, the house became even more quiet as if death had entered with Vytas.

In silence they sat down at the table, and in silence the father broke the wafers. Vytas took his, but quickly put it back, as if it had burned his fingers. This sudden gesture did not escape the father's eyes. He picked up his wafer, looked at it for a long time, as if trying to decipher some hidden writing in its whiteness. Then he sighed audibly and said:

"Take it, son, break it and eat. Your hands are clean. Didn't God give man freedom and his homeland? He also gave you hands to defend yourself."

Vytas again picked up his wafer. Now it resembled the snow, drifting over the tracks.

"No," he said softly. "I only thought that he might still be alive. I kept thinking all the time that he is still alive."

Both mother and daughter glanced at each other and asked in unison, "Who?"

But the men bowed their heads and did not answer. In the room, it became so still, it seemed even the wind had been arrested in the middle of the fields. Only the wafer cracked loudly in the father's hands.

The Letters and Sounds of Lithuanian

By Dr. ANTANAS KLIMAS

The first in a series of articles on Lithuanian grammar. The author, a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, is now asst. professor of German at the University of Rochester, N. Y.

I. THE LETTERS

Lithuanian culture has always been directed toward the West, and for this reason the Lithuanians have always used the Latin alphabet. Like the alphabets and orthographies of all Western European languages, the Lithuanian alphabet and orthography developed gradually. The alphabet was fixed in approximately the form in which it appears today around the end of the 19th century, primarily through the efforts of Dr. Vincas Kudirka, the outstanding Lithuanian writer, journalist, editor and fighter against the tsarist Russian occupation of Lithuania.

Today the Lithuanian alphabet consists of 33 letters.¹ No language can boast of a truly phonetic alphabet; letters are actually only signs or symbols, and each letter may represent one sound or more than one.² The value —i.e., the pronunciation—of a letter depends on many circumstances: length, accent, intonation, juncture, etc.

We shall now try to describe as briefly as possible all the letters of the Lithuanian alphabet.

Letter Name

A a	ah
Ą ą	a nosinē (ah nawssineh—"nasal ah")
B b	beh
C c	tseh
Č č	tsheh
D d	deh
E e	eh
Ę ę	e nosinē (eh nawssineh—"nasal eh")
Ę ę	e ilgoji (eh illgawyee—"long eh")
F f	ef
G g	gheh (also called ghyeh—Lith. "gie")
H h	hah
Ch ch	kahah
I i	ee
Į į	i nosinē (ee nawssineh—"nasal ee")
Y y	y ilgoji ((ee illgawyee—"long ee")
J j	yott
K k	kah
L l	el
M m	em
N n	en
O o	oh

P p	peh
R r	er
S s	ess
Š š	esh
T t	teh
U u	oo
Ų ų	u nosinē (oo nawssineh—"nasal oo")
Ū ū	u ilgoji (oo illgawyee—"long oo")
V v	veh
Z z	zett
Ž ž	zhett, žett

Note: The letter Q-q also appears in Lithuanian in quotations from other languages, primarily Latin, English, German and French, but it is not ordinarily counted as a member of the Lithuanian alphabet; it is pronounced approximately as it is pronounced in the language being quoted. The letter Ch-ch is sometimes not treated as a separate member of the alphabet but merely as c and h put together. Some Lithuanians occasionally use the letter X-x in foreign words, but usually it is replaced by ks: Xerxes=Kserksas, etc. No distinction is made in dictionaries between a and ą; between e, ę and ė; or between u, ų and ū.

II. THE SOUNDS

Each language has some sounds for which a close equivalent can be found in other languages and some sounds for which only an approximate equivalent can be found. Some languages also have certain "strange" sounds for which no equivalent at all can be found in other languages.

Lithuanian, having preserved many features of the Proto Indo-European, has no "strange" sounds, and the approximate equivalents, or examples, for Lithuanian can be found in many modern Indo-European languages.³

a. The Pronunciation of the Lithuanian Vowels

Vowels in Lithuanian are always pronounced "straight," without "gliding" into any diphthong-like sounds. They sound something like the vowels in Spanish, German, etc.

A a 1) short a, like the a in *above*: *aš* (ahsh), "I."
 2) long a, usually in stressed syllables, like the a in *farm*: *namas* (nahmass), "house."

À à always long, like long a. Although it is called "nasal ah," it is no longer nasalized in standard pronunciation, only in some dialects: *kq* (kah), "what," "whom"—accus.; *namq* (nahmah), accus. sing. of *namas*, "house."

E e 1) short e, like the e in *then*: *mesti*, "to throw."
 2) long e, usually in stressed syllables, like the a in *map*, *tap* (American pronunciation): *teka* (takah), "flows."

È è always long, not nasalized, except that in some dialects it is still pronounced with a nasal sound, or even "en." It sounds exactly like the long e, not like ê.

E ê always long and closed. It is somewhat similar to the é in the French *été*, but a little longer: *ēdē* (ehdeh), "ate"—of animals.

I i usually short, like the i in *bit*, *hit*: *imti*, "to take." (N.B.: This letter is also used as the so-called "softening sign." It is used in this role before all the back vowels—a, à, o, u, ü; when these letters are preceded by an i in the same syllable, this i is not pronounced but merely serves to make the back vowel soft or "palatalized." It also affects the consonant preceding it, which in this position also becomes soft or "palatalized." Examples: *siūti*, "to sew"; the *siū-* is pronounced something like the -ssu- in *assume*. In *lekia*, "flies," both l and k are very soft and the -ia is pronounced very much like short e: l'ahk'eh. Thus ia, iq, io, iu, iu, iū are not diphthongs, as they appear to be, but merely very soft vowels.

I i always long; no nasalization left in standard literary Lithuanian. Like the ee in *beet*: *jlindo* (eelindaw), "he crawled into."

Y y always long, pronounced exactly like the i: *yra* (eerah), "is."

O o in genuine Lithuanian words this o can only be a long, closed o. It has no "glide," as in the English *pope*, but is similar to the oo in *door*, *floor*: *motina* (mawtinah), "mother." The letter is short only in words borrowed from other languages: *norma*, "norm."

U u usually short, like the oo in *root*: *mus* (mooss), "us."

Ù ù always long, and no longer nasalized; like the oo in *moose*, *goose*: *jù* (youn), "their," "of them."

Ü ü always long, pronounced exactly like ü: *müsü* (moohsooh), "our," "of us."

b. The Pronunciation of the Lithuanian Consonants

1.—All consonants in Lithuanian can be either hard or soft. Usually they are hard when followed by the back vowels—a, à, o, u, ü—and soft when followed by the front vowels—e, è, i, ï, y.

2.—The voiced stops b, d and g become voiceless p, t and k in final position and also before voiceless consonants: *dirbkite!* ("work!") is actually pronounced *dirpkite!*, etc. The same thing applies to voiced z and ž.

3.—All consonants in Lithuanian are "pure" or "simple": they have no aspirated pronunciation, like the p in *pin* or t in *table*. The Lithuanian p sounds more or less like the p in *spin* or *upper*. The same rule applies to the pronunciation of all the other consonants in Lithuanian.

B b 1) hard b, like the b and bb in *bubble*: *batas* (bahtass), "shoe"; *büti* (bootti) "to be."

2) soft b, like the b in *bit*: *byra* (beerah), "it pours."

C c 1) hard c, like the ts in *ants*: *cukrus* (tsookrooss), "sugar."

2) soft c, like the ts in *Patsy*: *cypti* (tseepiti), "to squeal."

Č č 1) hard č, like the ch in *child*: *čaižyti* (chayzheeti), "to beat with a whip."

2) soft č, like the ch in *chip*: *čia* (chia), "here."

D d 1) hard d, like the d in *double*: *dantis*, "tooth."

2) soft d, like the d in *dew*: *didelis*, "large," "big."

F f like f in English: labiodental. This sound does not exist in genuine Lithuanian words but occurs only in words borrowed from other languages. It does not exist in the dialects at all; if a foreign word containing the letter is used in dialectal speech, the f is usually replaced by p.

G g always pronounced like the g in *guilty*, never like the g in Egypt.

1) hard g, like the g in *gum*: *garsas*, "sound."

2) soft g, like the g in *guinea*: *gimti* (ghimti), "to be born."

H h like the h in *hound*, or *humor*, only a little stronger. Like f, the letter does not occur in Lithuanian proper and is used only in foreign, "international" words, such as *harmonija* (harmonee-yah), "harmony," etc.

Ch ch like the German ch in either *ach* or *ich*; like f and h, it is used only in foreign words: *choras* (khorass), "choir."

J j like the y in *youth*, never like the j in *jibe*. It is actually a semivowel.

K k 1) hard k, like the c in *company*: *kalnas* (kahlnass), "mountain."
2) soft k, like the c in *cue*: *kirvis*, "ax."

L l 1) hard l, like the l in *love*: *labas!* (lah-bass!), "Hello!"
2) soft l, like the l in French or German: *lyja* (leeyah), "it rains." The l is soft even when a front vowel follows it in the next syllable: *kalbēti* (kahlbayti)—the l very soft!, "to speak."

M m 1) hard m, like the m in *mother*: *moteris* (mawteriss), "woman."
2) soft m, like the m in *mutiny*: *mirti*, "to die."

N n always pronounced clearly, like the n in *nose*, never "swallowed up" in the nose, as in the French *enfant*.
1) hard n, like the n in *number*: *naktis*, "night."
2) soft n, like the n in *new*: *niekas* (nyekass), "nobody."

P p 1) hard p, like the p in *spot*: *sapnas* (sahpnass), "dream."
2) soft p, like the p in *spin*: *pila*, "he pours."

R r the r is rolled, as it is believed to have been in Proto Indo-European. It is similar to the Scotch r, except that it is not "trilled" so much. If we assume the Scotchman to say "morrning," the Lithuanian would say approximately "morrning." (It might be noted here that actually consonants are never doubled in Lithuanian orthography.).
1) hard r, like the r in *round*: *rudas* (roodass), "brown."
2) soft r, like the r in *river*: *rytas* (ree-tass), "morning."

S s 1) hard s, like the s in *son*: *sūnus* (soo-nuss), "son."
2) soft s, like the s in *sin*: *visi* (vissi), "all."

If s is followed by d, b or g it is usually voiced—that is, it is pronounced like the s in easy: *mesdamas* (mezdahmass), "while throwing."

S š 1) hard š, like the sh in *shot*: *šaltas* (shahltass), "cold."
2) soft š, like the sh in *sheet*: *šilas* (shill-lash), "pine forest."

T t 1) hard t, like the t in *tough*: *tas* (tass), "that."
2) soft t, like the t in *tulip*: *tik* (tick), "only."

Z z 1) hard z, like the z in *zoom*: *zaunyti* (zouneeti), "to nag," "to keep begging for."
2) soft z, like the s in *busy*: *Zita*, a girl's name.

Ž ž this letter sounds more or less like the s in *measure*.
1) hard ž, like the j in the French *déjà*: *žūti* (zhooti), "to perish."
2) soft ž, like the g in the French *Gigi*: *žirgas*, "horse," "steed."

e. The Diphthongs

ai 1) with an acute intonation,⁴ ai is pronounced about like the i in *pine*: *táikyti* (taykeetti), "to aim."
2) with a circumflex intonation, it sounds like the ai in *sailor*, with the a pronounced as ah: *vaīkas* (vaykass), "child."

au 1) with an acute intonation, pronounced like the ow in *cow*, *brow*: *láukti* (lowktti), "to wait."
2) with a circumflex intonation, like the ow in *own*: *laūkas* (lowkass), "field."

ei 1) with an acute intonation: there is no corresponding sound in English; it sounds something like the a in *sad* with a y added: *léisti* (laystti), "to allow."
2) with a circumflex intonation: like the ay in *say*: *peīlis* (payliss), "knife."

ie this diphthong sounds somewhat like the ie in the French *bien*, but the i and e should be more closely combined into a single sound: *pienas* (pyenass), "milk."

ui pronounced like the French *oui*: *puikus* (pooykooss, pouikooss), "fine."

uo the two sounds must be heard together, not separately—not u-o.—The diphthong sounds a little—but not exactly—like the o in *one*; perhaps something like

the *uo* in *buoyancy*: *puodas* (*puodass*), "pot."

The six diphthongs listed above are "pure" or "real" diphthongs. There are in addition 16 "mixed" diphthongs; these are all formed with *a*, *e*, *i* or *u* plus the liquid (or as they are sometimes called, the sonorant) consonants: *l*, *m*, *n* and *r*. They are as follows:

al	el	il	ul
am	em	im	um
an	en	in	un
ar	er	ir	ur

Both parts of these diphthongs must be pronounced together. Either component may bear the stress; the first will always be stressed with an acute intonation, the second with a circumflex intonation. (But since in standard pronunciation the *i* and the *u* must be short, the mixed diphthongs with *i* and *u* are usually marked with a short intonation. In some parts of the country, even these letters are pronounced long in these diphthongs.) Examples: *ántis*, with an acute intonation on the *a*, is pronounced with a long *a*: *aahntiss*, "duck"; *añtis*, with a circumflex intonation on the *n*, is pronounced with a short *a* and the *n* is stressed: *annntis*, "bosom," "bosom pocket."

III. EXERCISE

Try reading the following text aloud. The stress is indicated by the three standard signs used in Lithuanian accented texts: the acute accent, marked (́), means that the vowel so stressed is pronounced long, with more force at its beginning, the circumflex accent, marked (̄), also means that the vowel so stressed is long, but with more force at its end; finally, the short stress, marked (̄), means that the vowel so marked is short. The intonation of the diphthongs has already been discussed.

- A. Lābas rýtas! Kaip eīnasi?
- B. Ačiū, geraī. O kaip Jūms?
- A. Geraī, tik māno sūnūs seīga.
- B. Tai blogaī. Dabař blōgas óras.
- A. Kuř jūs dabař eīnate?
- B. Aš einū namō.
- A. Iki pasimātymo!
- B. Sudiēv!

Vocabulary

- lābas good
- rýtas morning
- kaip how
- kaip eīnasi? how are you?

āčiū	thanks
geraī	well
jūms	to you, you
tik	only
māno	my
sūnūs	son
seīga	is sick
tai	that, this
blogaī	bad, badly
dabař	now
blōgas	bad
óras	weather, air
kuř	where
jūs	you (polite form)
eīnate	go, are going
āš	I
einū	go, am going
namō	home, homeward
iki	till
iki pasimātymo	so long (lit.: till seeing you)
sudiēv	goodby (lit.: with God) [again]

The approximate pronunciation of the exercise:

- A. Lahbass reetass! Kipe aynassi?
- B. Ahchew, gheray. Oh kipe yooms?
- A. Gheray, tick mahnaw soonuss ssergah.
- B. Tay blawghay. Dahbarr blawgass awrass.
- A. Koor youss dahbarr aynahteh?
- B. Ash aynooh nahmaw.
- A. Icki pahsimakteemaw!
- B. Soodyev!

NOTES:

1) This number is more or less arbitrary; sometimes *ch* is counted as a separate character, sometimes merely as *c* and *h* put together. But the accepted usage today is 33 characters or letters. *Q* and *x* are usually not counted, since they are used, if at all, only in words from other languages, and even there are usually expressed by other Lithuanian letters—*qu* by *kv* and *x* by *ka*.

2) We are using here the simple, "popular" approach and terminology; no attempt is made to employ the modern terms and concepts of linguistic analysis (descriptive linguistics) or to transcribe the Lithuanian words into the Copenhagen International Phonetic Alphabet. Very few people understand that alphabet, and it is hard on the printers.

3) The reader must, of course, realize that the English equivalents for the Lithuanian sounds are only approximate; only a native speaker can produce the fine points of a language's sounds.

4) So far we have used no stress marks in Lithuanian words in order to simplify matters. These stress marks are never used in ordinary books, newspapers, etc.; they appear only in textbooks, linguistic articles, etc. Lithuanian inherited from Proto Indo-European two types of pitch accent on diphthongs and long vowels: the circumflex intonation, sometimes called in English the rising intonation (German "Schleiften," Lithuanian "tvirtagalė priegaidė," sign '), and the acute intonation, sometimes called the falling pitch (German "Stosston," Lithuanian "tvirtapradė priegaidė," sign '). The short vowels are merely pronounced with more force, and to indicate this the so-called short stress is used.

ANCIENT WEDDING CUSTOMS

By Dr. JONAS BALYS

A few highlights of rural wedding festivities, some of which still exist today. The author, a prominent folklorist, has published several volumes of Lithuanian folk-songs and legends.

In earlier times, long and elaborate wedding celebration took place in the villages of Lithuania. A wedding was a big event in rural life, and young and old participated in it actively. Festivities usually lasted a full week, with each day comprising several acts of a continually unfolding drama. There was much eating, drinking and other celebrating throughout.

Two basic ideas were stressed throughout the complex ceremony: the separation of the bride from her familiar life at the home of her parents to begin a new life with her husband, and the transition from celibacy to wedded life. Also various rituals were performed to guarantee the success of the match, to bring children, love, happiness and prosperity and to protect the bride from the evil eye of various witches which were understood to linger about waiting to cast an evil spell on her.

The most important roles in the wedding drama did not belong to the bride and groom, however. They were played by the best man, the matron of honor, master of ceremonies and—most important of all—the matchmaker.

THE PLAITING

The drama opened with the bride's lamentations on the evening before the wedding. She would invite her friends and neighbors to the plaiting (also called "girls' evening" and "evening feast") where she would bid farewell to her flower garden, her carefree youthful days and her young maiden friends.

The guests would plait a wreath of rue, a symbol of chastity, and adorn the bride's head, with it. The bride would sit on an overturned wooden tub used for kneading bread, which meant she was on the threshold of domestic life. Her friends would assemble about her.

The groom, meanwhile, would be visited by his friends too, and later come with them to his bride's house to sing to her. Many of these were meant to produce tears. "Last Evening With My Mother", "Plait My Hair, Sisters", "Put the Wreath of Rue Upon My Head", the young men sang. The bridesmaids thought that their friend would be leaving, perhaps going to a distant village to live with an ill-tempered mother-in-law (Anyta) and would also burst into tearful songs.

During this evening the mother entrusted the bride to the groom's care and a wedding contract was signed. However, the blessing of the Church still awaited.

THE BRIDE AND GROOM LEAVE FOR CHURCH

On the morning of the wedding the groom and his group would present themselves again at the bride's home but would now be greeted in

a hostile manner. He also was expected to offer gifts, usually of drink.

Early folklorists interpreted this custom as an indication that in ancient times brides were taken from their homes by force, but it is now interpreted as a symbol of acceptance of a stranger into a family.

The stern interrogation always ended with an announcement that the groom was one of the family. He would then present a garland to the bride and exchange gifts with her. Usually the young man gave a pair of shoes and the girl a shirt of her own making, a waist-band or gloves. The bride would then bid farewell to her family, ask for their blessing, and leave for the church ceremony.

Before leaving their respective homes, bride and groom had performed another rite. They were led around the hearth in the middle of the room, and when later the hearth was replaced by a modern stove in the corner of the house, around the table. Ancient Prussians are understood to have had the same custom. It symbolized farewell.

RECEPTION ON RETURNING FROM CHURCH

On its way home from church, the wedding party would find burning straw in the middle of the road to protect the newlyweds from evil. Although the horses shied and reared, they had to pass through this "witch-burning," as it was called. There were also other barriers, which the guests were allowed to pass if they gave money, food or drink to those who had set them up.

When the couple reached the bride's house, it was met by her parents who offered black bread, salt and a drink. This is a solemn reception given to esteemed guests. The youth would accept it and sing: "Give bread and salt, let her be a good housewife."

In early days, the couple would then circle the house to close the magic circle. Then they would enter the house and be covered with furs turned inside out to insure a rich life. Sometimes furs were also laid on the floor, for good measure. After that, bride and groom were sprinkled with grain so that the harvest might bring a good crop, and sometimes their lips would be anointed with honey by their parents so that their future might be sweet. They were seated on pillows, a place of honor.

DINNER GIVEN BY THE MATRON OF HONOR

The next act in the wedding drama was a dinner given by the matron of honor (*svočia*). On the table laden with fried rooster and delicacies of all kinds the most important item was a huge cake called "Karvojus", or "Prindelis" or "Praplotis." It was thin but large, often oval in form, and sometimes took fifty pounds of flour to

make. On the outside it was decorated with figures of all kinds, birds, crossed hands, and other appropriate symbols.

Sometimes the newlyweds would eat and drink from the same bowl. In ancient times this was the most important rite of the wedding.

THE BRIDE COVERS HER HEAD

Unmarried girls in Lithuania never covered their heads. They wore a narrow head-piece or tied their braids with a ribbon. But married women covered their heads with a large piece of linen called "nuometas."

During the wedding therefore, the matchmaker or matron of honor removed the wreath of rue and placed the "nuometas" on the bride's head.

The bride and her attendants defended the wreath and threw the offered headpiece on the floor three times, to show that the girl's life in her parents' home had been beautiful before accepting it. Then the entire wedding party sang: "Take off the wreath, light as a blossom, don the "nuometas", heavy as wood."

After this ceremony the bride was a daughter-in-law fully accepted in the society of wedded women. In olden times, 17th century authors tell us, women would not take on the "nuometas" until the birth of their first child.

HANGING THE MATCHMAKER

The matchmaker provided a comic element throughout the festivities. He played all sorts of pranks and praised the groom's virtues, his great wealth and achievements and also mocked him, his way of life and his farm. This was done in spontaneous song and verse.

Toward the end of the festivities, he was accused of telling lies and enticing the bride away. A decree was written in the style of legal proclamations and he was sentenced to a hanging in effigy. He would then climb up on the roof and parade back and forth, impersonating his own ghost. Sometimes the bride would announce her forgiveness, however, and tie an embroidered towel around his waist.

Wedding customs differed in different parts of Lithuania and changed with time. It is difficult to describe them in full or to know now their full and ancient meaning. Only by tracing them historically and comparing them to customs of other lands do we understand all their implications and symbolism.

BOOK REVIEW

AN AMERICAN POET LOOKS AT LITHUANIAN SHORT STORIES

MARY PHELPS

Stepas Zobarskas (Editor),
Selected Lithuanian Short Stories.
New York, Voyages Press (1959),
263 pp.

* * *

These are startling stories, welcome for their few words, their straight paths, their outright load of life, their compassion, their unpretending fidelity.

The hero of the first one is a wooden bridge. He exults in well-joined timber and proud traffic of his youth; he groans under and lampoons the hackings and stupidity of conquerors who make boondoggling "repairs" and who try to censor the traffic. He asserts that his span cannot be broken.

Listening a while, it did no seem strange to me that a bridge could talk. But the story speaks with a strange largeness, as it reverberates in one's imagination, bringing the sense of a core of aspiration unbroken for thousands of years. Whether the bridge can persist becomes a glorious, frightening question how languages, or folkways, or peoples are born and die; what any small foothold is worth in our age of shiftings and standardizations.

The editor of the volume, Stepas Zobarskas, has given help to unfamiliar readers through Juozas Brazaitis' introductory essay — a concise history of Lithuanian literature that places the short stories within the development of other forms of writing with illuminating comments on different writers — and through short but informative biographies of the authors whose work we sample here. Along with what the stories and the background material told me, I could put a few grains of knowledge picked up from atlases and other such distillations.

The first document in the Lithuanian tongue dates only from 1547, yet speaks a language, so scholars say, as close to the proto-Indo-European source as Sanskrit, even in some ways closer. This, to me, is an almost unimaginable endurance. Here is a people — a small people, less than three million in the homeland today — neither Slavic nor Germanic, but situated between those vast groups, an agricultural people in plains and woodlands and marshes without natural ramparts, whose language — like the ripple of grain and rivers, like sinew of wood, like blossoms and stars, one guesses even from translation — has survived the precarious harvests of long feudal and pre-feudal ages, and the chances of Europe's warboard, down to our own day.

The book brings a score of stories, almost all written since 1904, when the Czars' forty-year prohibition against the native tongue was lifted. (Vincas Kudirka's "Memoirs of a Lithuanian Bridge" is the exception; it was written under that ban.) They are arranged chronologically — that is, by authors' birth dates — and seem to form two main groups, with a dividing line, or change, being manifest after the First World War and its attempted peace, which brought Lithuania nationhood and precarious independence until another war.

After the memoirs of the bridge, among the earlier stories, comes an old dog — a farm and hunting dog, whose senses now are blurred, who still rises to answer a call he can barely hear and whose import he only half knows. The master shoots him and bolts away. The dog, in his last consciousness, understands that the man must kill him, but not why he turns away without goodbye.

There follows the brave journey of a loving, unloved child of a broken home, from neglect in her mother's country house and affairs, alone on the train to the city to look for her father. She finds a kind, respectful woman on the train, who is almost a friend. Later in her father's house, she finds a stranger-woman. He himself is away and the journey is in vain.

Then the ordeal of an unmarried girl with child, bewildered, deserted, condemned and outcast by priest, neighbors, father, whose victory is the inspiration and the strength to drown herself.

Then the "Cursed Monks," who withheld their hard-saved gold that might have ransomed a country from destruction by invaders, and whose expiation is laid on them more heavily than any imaginable earthly oppression.

Then "The Herrings," where a poor simple girl steals from the rich (the mistress of the scullery where she works) to make up what she stole from the poor (the fish peddler) and believes she has made things right, under terror of heaven and hell.

Those are the "prewar" stories, by Jonas Biliūnas, Šatrijos Ragana, Antanas Vienuolis, Vincas Krėvė — the pre-confusion stories, I would say, as if after long toil there were a more precious harvest and a new hope, so that writers could regard the sacrificial lives around them, understand trouble and worth, reach out love. There is humanity shining, crying, praying, striving in these works, like Moussorgsky's "Pictures at an Exhibition". By date, Moussorgsky could have been the father, even the grandfather of the authors I speak of. But they are his brothers.

These stories from a far country seem immediate and fresh. It happens in New York, that a failing dog must be "put away," or a girl is pregnant and deserted; that a child in a house has no home, that a treasure is frozen, that freedom is blocked. Not with a gun, not with tar on the door, yet in dumb pain, so that the straightforwardness with which the events in the stories are confronted and

the depth of compassion, come home to a reader here.

In the later half of the book, the stories from the years of independence and after, there is less warmth, less reaching out, more examination with neutral or suspended judgement. There are more kinds of people, more kinds of situations, a sense that the limitations and frustrations of life are in the people as much as in the situations.

Yet the likenesses in the book, the unique spirit of it, impress on more than the change into new circumstances, and the further one goes, the more the compassion returns — in "The Unknown Soldier," by Neiė Mazalaitė, in "The Monsignor's Footstool," by Stepas Zobarskas, "The Wind of Greece," by Algirdas Landsbergis, and Aloyzas Baronas' "Homecoming."

Prevailing, the stories are dark, or frustrate, or wryly humorous. And yet when I close the book it is as if I remember dew on every page. There is something throughout that shines like sun through flowers and reeds, a pure springtime remembered and celebrated simply from the beginning: the way a child takes a new day, without comparing it to anything else.

Lithuania's writers today are either in the homeland, writing in unfree conditions, or in other lands — about seven out of ten are emigres, Mr. Brazaitis says in his introduction, many of them here in the United States — with the hard task of writing out of remembered, rather than current experience, or of finding their themes in a life still strange to them. This book is eloquent of their trials and their strength.

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MARY PHELPS a poet and a member of the editorial staff of *The New Yorker*, was a co-author of *My Country 'Tis of Thee* (a study of natural resources), and is the author of a collection of poems, *A Bed of Strawberries*. More recently she has appeared in a Voyages Press selection, *Poems by Seven*.



Seminar of the North American Commission of Pax Romana at Marianopolis, Thompson, Conn.

LITHUANIANS IN PAX ROMANA

The beginning of every new year intensifies in our hearts the yearning for peace, for the reassertion of human dignity, and for the brotherhood of all men. The approach of 1960, as that of every New Year, evoked speculations, hopes and fears about our world that transcended the immediate span of a single year. And because it was 1960, more than ever before men stood thrilled by the ever new and ever-widening vistas of their world. They also stood aghast at the terror of some scientific discoveries, stood in fear of spiritual nothingness, of hunger, want, disease, war and annihilation. They saw that this has become a world of interdependence — for bread as well as for peace.

And as the New Year opened, perhaps nowhere else were these problems so much in the forefront as at the annual interfederal assembly of Pax Romana — The International Movement of Catholic Students and the International Catholic Movement for Intellectual and Cultural Affairs — held in Manila, Dec. 25, 1959 to Jan. 10, 1960. Pax Romana, is comprised of 95 student and alumni organizations of 55 countries with two million members. To best serve the needs of these organizations,

five regional commissions, one for each continent, have been established within Pax Romana. An additional commission — The Commission of Federations in Exile — has been set up for the federations of Communist-subjugated European countries, continuing their organizational activities in exile.

At the meeting in Manila, this commission was represented by Ukrainian priest Rev. E. B. Hryniuch and by Dr. P. V. Vyganatas of the Lithuanian Catholic Student Association "Ateitis", chairman of the Commission. Although the exiles were few, they provided the assembly with one of its highlights. Realizing how critical in recent years the need for anti-Communist information in Asia had become, the exiles had prepared for the Manila meeting a visual presentation of such information. Ten large panels comprised this photographic exhibit.

An introduction of all the exiled federations and their homelands headed the exhibit. Former activities in their native countries were pictured, with emphasis on religious and scholastic achievements. The terrors of the Soviet occupation were vividly portrayed. Refugee life in Displaced Persons camps after the war, as well as

organizational achievements at this time were treated in the next section. Immigrational trends and resettlement problems were stated. In the last section, the exhibit described the present activities of the exiled federations.

The exhibit was placed in the Catholic university of Saint Thomas, where on January 4 it was officially opened by the only Philippine woman senator Mrs. Gonzales representing Mrs. Garcia, wife of President Garcia, who had been prevented by an accident from attending the exhibit. However, the Papal Nuncio, the US Consul General, the diplomatic corps and the UN representative were present. During the ten days of the assembly the exhibit was being viewed constantly by great numbers of people. The Manila press covered the ceremony and the exhibit in detail. Plans have been made to transport the exhibit to other locations.

The great success of the exhibit would seem to indicate that its initial purpose has been achieved. The other events of great significance to the exiled federations and especially the Lithuanians was the assembly's unanimous

election of Dr. P.V. Vygentas as president of Pax Romana. It was largely through his efforts that the Exile Commission of Pax Romana had been established in 1956 and under his guidance the exiled federations came to assume their proper role and responsibility within Pax Romana.

The North American Commission of Pax Romana conducts annual seminars for its member federations. The Lithuanian federation "Ateitis" was asked to sponsor and conduct the 1960 seminar, which took place February 20-22 at Marianapolis, Thompson, Connecticut. All member federations of the NAC were represented and the 80 official delegates and guests included even six South American students, presidents of their national federations, now visiting the United States. Speakers Dr. Paul Van K. Thompson of Providence College, Mr. Francis J. Colligan of the International Cultural Relations Department of State, Washington, D.C. John J. Simons of the Federation for Youth and Student Affairs of New York City and Dr. P.V. Vygentas developed the theme of the seminar — "The International Responsibility of the

North American Catholic College Student." Discussion groups considered further the questions raised by the lecturers: "What It Means to Be a 20th Century Catholic", "International Student and Youth Organizations and Our Role in Them", "Is There a Lack of Catholic Cultural Assessment on the International Level", and "The International Challenge of the Catholic Students." Lieutenant Governor Dempsey of Connecticut in person welcomed the seminar to his state. A candlelight procession highlighted the evening program of the seminar.

The theme of the seminar was given deeper significance by the fact that the delegates represented so many various nationalities — Canadian, American, Ukrainian, British, Ecuadorian, Chilean, Italian, Filipino, Latvian, Cuban, Bolivian and Lithuanian. The three days of the seminar spent together in prayer, in thought, in stimulating conversation and youthful fun did much to bring all who were there to a much higher level of communication and understanding across national and continental barriers.

A. Sk.



One of the panels from the exhibit at the annual assembly of Pax Romana in Manila

Eastern European Literature Finds a Publisher

Elsewhere in this issue the distinguished young American poet, Mary Phelps reviews "Selected Lithuanian Short Stories" and finds in it "something throughout that shines like sun through flowers and reeds..." Quite a few American literati have already termed this anthology a major contribution to the literature of the modern short story. Yet, despite its freshness and quality, the anthology was not put out by one of the big publishing houses. It was brought into the world by Voyages Press, whose exploits in creative publishing are a fascinating story in itself.

What is the place of a small publishing house — one might ask — in this age of publishing empires sprawling out within skyscrapers? Do not they cover everything that is worthwhile? Is anything more than crumbs left for the "small houses", more than the pickings of pornography, avant-garde at its most opaque, "sleepers" that never wake up? The answer is a decided — yes. The output of the big houses is unduly influenced by size, glitter, punch; the laws of ballyhoo and the pull of success impose their strict limits on the variety of titles. On the track of elephants, one often disregards nightingales. Hence the surprising lacunae, the many grey spots of untouched territories on the culture maps. And it is these territories that the galleon of Voyages Press is exploring and adding to the maps of our knowledge.

In a capsule description of its aims, a couple of years ago, Voyages Press had promised "to bring out in small editions important, relatively unknown foreign works in new translation, as well as significant original work, both in prose and verse, by writers in the English language. VOYAGES PRESS publications will occasionally appear in foreign languages for distribution abroad. In addition to its effort toward an international exchange of cultural values, VOYAGES PRESS will also publish con-

tributions of general interest by practitioners of arts other than literature, as well as by experts in other fields of intellectual inquiry, as these become available. This program is designed to diminish in some small degree the separation between the arts as such, between the various over-specialized cultural disciplines as a whole, and between all these as they interact today on the complex international scene."

This has an ambitious sound. Yet today, in March 1960, the record of Voyages Press bears out the promise. It is now up to the reader to support its efforts. It is, especially, up to the press that covers the field of intellect to inform the reader of the Voyages Press publications.

The output of the Voyages Press can be divided into three main categories. To the first belong less familiar works of well-known authors, or modern classics that deserve a wider hearing. W.H. Auden's "Old Man's Road" and Mallarme's "Herodias" have already appeared, while works by Hoelderlin, Morgenstern and Goll are slated to follow.

The second category comprises young American poets, and everybody who knows the problems of young poets in getting their books published, will understand the importance of the function Voyages Press is performing. The aforementioned Mary Phelps made her debut here with a selection of poems, "A Bed of Strawberries". Cecil Hemley, still relatively unknown, despite praise by many literary notables, was made available to a larger public with his collection "Twenty Poems". Seven very young poets were published in a small anthology, "Poems by Seven". Although all these young authors do not form a particular school or clique, one can discern a common trend among them. As defined by the publisher, "all follow a path apart from the two extremes of the so-called poetry

of conformity, sometimes described as the poetry of suburbia, and the wilfully ignorant experimentation which identifies itself as that of the Beat Generation." In other words, the area between—or beyond — Howl and Coo.

But perhaps the most important contribution of Voyages Press, and that of greatest interest to the readers of "Lituanus", is in the third category; namely, translations of Eastern European writers. The reason why these publications are of such importance is that full discovery of Eastern Europe is still due, and very necessary, in the United States. The official contemporary image of Eastern Europe relayed to the United States is distorted (although offset largely by the voluminous literature of protest and dissent behind the Iron Curtain). The roots of the area's spiritual heritage are little explored. And here Voyages Press has made important inroads.

Most of Eastern European writers published by Voyages Press are exiled. Some fifteen years ago Arnold Toynbee reflected upon the new diaspora of "displaced persons" and stated that it would present our civilization with a unique and important message. That message now can be read in books like Jan Lechon's "American Transformations" or Ferdinand Peroutka's "Democratic Manifesto". The first is a penetrating affirmation of America's mission and exploration of its meaning, in the rank of similar books by Bruckberger and Maritain and worthy of the same attention. The second is a brilliant restatement of the creed of democracy, combining both faith and a rational foundation. The value of these books is particularly great if one views them against the background of the twilight of the West's faith in itself and its determination to accept the challenge of history.

Voyages Press introduced to the English reading public, the fresh-

ness and vigor of the poetry of Kazimierz Wierzynski, among others, "the most prolific and admired Polish poet in exile" (UNESCO). Following the centennial of the death of the poet who means so much not only to Poland but also to Lithuania, Adam Mickiewicz, Voyages Press published his "New Selected Poems" as well as his finest work "The Great Improvisation". Together with Mickiewicz's "Selected Poems" published by the Noonday Press, these two volumes can be said to have made Mickiewicz available.

In his versions of Mickiewicz and other East European poets, Clark Mills, publisher of Voyages Press, has devised a new method of translation. He got together a group of distinguished American poets and provided them with literal translations as well as the originals. Whenever possible the authors were consulted. The result was remarkably fresh and living verse. *The Twentieth Century* (London) wrote: "That there at least should be a few lines of Polish poetry in literate English makes it possible to hope that there may yet be a day when even the Englishman of Oxford or the American of Harvard may be able to form some idea of the sophisticated Polish culture... The reader is grateful to all of them, the whole bevy of scholars and non-scholars who have given us what are perhaps the first decent translations of Polish poetry into English." Louise Bogan, Babette Deutsch, Robert Hillyer, George Reavey, W.H. Auden, and other poets took part in this enterprise.

The future plans of Voyages Press include an anthology of Lithuanian poetry, prepared in this same way. Mr. Mills also has in mind a yearly anthology of selected East European writing. And, beyond that, he sets his sights on an even larger goal — a yearly, truly representative, anthology of world writing. The idea has been attempted by others, but never yet fully realized. The accomplishment of Voyages Press so far bodes well for these new undertakings.

A. Landsbergis

NO. 1, 1960



ARCHBISHOP DIES IN EXILE

Archbishop Juozapas Skvireckas of the archdiocese of Kaunas, Lithuania, died December 3, 1959 at the age of eighty-six in Zams, Austria where he had been living in St. Joseph's convent since 1945. He was buried in Zams.

Archbishop Skvireckas was admired and respected for many reasons, but will be best remembered by Lithuanian Catholics for his modern translation of the Holy Bible, both the Old and the New Testaments. He was known as a person who never had time for himself, but always found time for work. He took the trouble to study the ancient languages in which the original Old and New Testaments were written so as to give a better Lithuanian translation. This undertaking extended into fifty years (1905-1956) of patient and arduous work. Through it he has built himself a lasting memorial cherished by thousands of Lithuanian Catholic families.

Archbishop Skvireckas was born on September 18, 1873 and spent his childhood in Pašiliečiai, a small village in eastern Lithuania. Upon graduating from high school in Panevėžys, he studied theology

at the seminary in Kaunas and was ordained a priest in 1899. The top student in his seminary class, he was sent to Petersburg (now Leningrad), Russia, to further his studies at the Theological Academy, from which he graduated in 1900, receiving Master of Theology degree.

When he returned to Lithuania, he began a long and fruitful career as a clergyman, professor, administrator and writer. For a short time he was a parish priest and high school chaplain. But as early as 1902 he was asked to teach theology at his alma mater, the seminary of Kaunas. Still later he received a Doctor of Theology degree and became professor of theology at the University of Kaunas. He was a professor for thirty five years.

Archbishop Skvireckas was made a monseigneur in 1914. Then in 1919 he was named a bishop by Pope Benedict XV and was consecrated in the same year. Pope Pius XI elevated him to archbishop in 1926. In 1931 the Holy Father bestowed one more honor upon archbishop Skvireckas by naming him Comes Romanus, an honorary title.

T. I.

CONCERT OF LITHUANIAN ARTISTS

The program:

Suite No. 3 in D Major — Bach
Concerto No. 3 — Bartok
Scherzo from Symphony Nr. 4 —
Gaidelis
Piano Concerto No. 2 — Rachmaninoff
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An event of great musical and cultural significance to the Lithuanian community of New York took place at Town Hall on March 6th, when Andrius Kuprevičius, Lithuanian-born pianist, appeared as soloist with the Symphony of the Air.

The orchestra, formerly known as the NBC Symphony, was created for Arturo Toscanini, and was most widely acclaimed as one of the great virtuoso orchestras of the world. Reorganized in 1954 by a unanimous vote of its member-

"DAINOS" BY ROMAS VIESULAS, GUGGENHEIM GRANTEE

The graphic artist Romas Viesulas spent the past year in Paris on a Guggenheim grant awarded to him in 1958. He returned last winter with a portfolio (in 30 copies) of black and white lithographs, entitled: "The Original Lithographs by Romas Viesulas on the Themes of Ancient Lithuanian Folksongs — Dainos." It was exhibited in January at the Weyhe Gallery in New York and at the Almus Gallery in Great Neck, Long Island.

This is what New York Times critic Dore Ashton had to say on January 11:

"The minor key of many of these songs (translated in the text) is caught in his soft blacks with small flares of white barely visible. The portfolio is exquisitely printed by Desjobert in Paris, and is an example of the constructive benefits an intelligently administered grant can supply."

The portfolio can be seen at the New York Public Library, Print Room, ref. no. MEYO.

ship as the Symphony of the Air, "the orchestra that refused to die" after Toscanini's retirement, still retains its popularity and indispensability as a leading symphonic organization in America. The concert on March 6th at Town Hall was the first time that an orchestra of this stature appeared with a Lithuanian pianist under the baton of a Lithuanian conductor.

Vytautas Marijotis, a prominent conductor of Lithuania, opened the program with Bach's Orchestral Suite No. 3. This was the first New York appearance for Mr. Marijotis as conductor, and he proved that he knows how to discipline and wield his forces into a technically polished and admirably balanced performance.

Frances Perkins of the New York Tribune wrote that "Mr. Marijotis' conducting gave an impression of authority and understanding of the various styles represented in the program", and that the Scherzo by the Lithuanian composer Gaidelis "received an expert and persuasive interpretation..."

Andrius Kuprevičius, one of the most talented keyboard masters from Lithuania who is currently living in Cleveland, Ohio, was heard in Bela Bartok's Piano Con-

certo No. 3 and Rachmaninoff's Concerto No. 2. In both concertos Kuprevičius revealed a beautifully modulated singing tone and played with a depth of feeling that was profoundly moving.

The New York Times noted that "Mr. Kuprevičius' pianistic gifts are above the ordinary", while Frances Perkins wrote that "in both concertos Mr. Kuprevičius' playing revealed technical skill and fluency along with taste and understanding. He disclosed their moods and atmosphere with well wrought dynamic shading and musicality of tone" and the Rachmaninoff Concerto "combined lucidity with the requisite vigor and momentum..."

What made this concert a truly outstanding event was that the Symphony of the Air under the direction of Vytautas Marijotis, also gave the first American performance of an orchestral work by a Lithuanian composer, the Scherzo from Symphony No. 4 by Julius Gaidelis. According to critics, "the Scherzo proved to be a sprightly work, deftly scored for orchestra, which made one curious to hear the complete symphony."

There is no doubt that Lithuanian composers are making contributions to contemporary music and that Lithuanian musicians are creating favorable impressions among the American people. (vt)

ST. CASIMIR HONORED BY VATICAN POSTAL STAMPS

On December 14, 1959 the Vatican post office issued a two-denomination (50 and 100 lira) series of stamps to commemorate the 500th anniversary of the birth of St. Casimir. The stamps feature the profile of the saint surrounded by the text: "S. Casimirus Primarius Lituaniae Patronus" (St. Casimir, Patron Saint of Lithuania). The Castle of Gediminas and the Cathedral of Vilnius are also part of the design.

The stamps were designed by the Lithuanian artist Vytautas K. Jonynas, now of Jamaica, N.Y. Un-

fortunately, some changes made without the artist's knowledge have inaccurately portrayed the right wing of the cathedral.

This is the second series of Vatican stamps dealing with Lithuania. In 1954, to mark the end of the Marian Year, there appeared a series of three stamps with the Madonna of the Gate of Dawn of Vilnius, "Mater Misericordiae."

Mr. Jonynas had also designed several series of stamps for the French-occupied Germany after World War II. C.





LITERATURE RECOMMENDED

THE FORMATION OF THE BALTIC STATES
By S. W. Page. Cambridge, Mass., 1959; p. 196.
\$4.50

THE EMERGENCE OF MODERN LITHUANIA. By A. E. Senn. New York, 1959; p. 272.
\$6.00

SOVIET POLICY TOWARDS THE BALTIC STATES, 1918-1940. By A. N. Tarulis. Notre Dame, Indiana, 1959. \$5.50

SELECTED LITHUANIAN SHORT STORIES
Edited by Stepas Zobarskas, New York, 1959;
p. 264. \$5.00

LITHUANIAN FOLK TALES
Second Enlarged Edition. Compiled and edited
by Stepas Zobarskas, illustrated by Ada Kor-
sakaitė. Brooklyn, 1958; p. 202. \$4.50

LITHUANIA
Illustrations by V. Augustinas. Pictorial pre-
sentation of the country. 2nd edition. Brook-
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LITHUANIAN SELF-TAUGHT
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